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Pro-Slavery.

A SOUTH-SIDE VIEW.

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR HAMMOND.

[Extracts from a Speech delivered in the United States Senate on Thursday, March 4, by J. H. Hammond, of South Carolina.]

THE SEPARATE SOUTHERN REPUBLIC.

Now, sir, as I am disposed to see this question settled as soon as possible, and am perfectly willing to have a final and conclusive settlement now, instantly, and after what the Senator from New York has said, I think it not unimportant that I should attempt to bring the North and South face to face, and see what resources each of us might have in the contingency of separate organizations. If we never acquire another foot of territory for the South, look at her. Eight hundred and fifty thousand square miles, as large as Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia and Spain. Is not that territory enough to make an empire that shall rule the world? With the finest soil, the most delightful climate, whose productions none of those great countries can produce, we have 3,000 miles of continental shore line, and so indented with bays and crowded with islands that, when their shore lines are added, we have 12,000 miles of shore line. Through the heart of our country runs the great Mississippi, the father of waters, into whose bosom are poured 36,000 miles of tributary streams; and beyond we have the desert prairie wastes, to protect us in our rear. Can you hem in such a territory as that? You talk of putting up a wall of fire around 850,000 square miles so situated! How absurd.

But, sir, in this territory lies the great valley of the Mississippi, now the real, and soon to be the acknowledged, seat of the empire of the world. The sway of that valley will be as great as ever the Nile knew in the earlier ages of mankind. We own the most of that valley. The most valuable part of it belongs to us; and although those who have settled above us are now opposed to us, another generation will tell a different tale. They are ours by all the laws of nature; *slave labour will go over every foot of this great valley where it will be found profitable to use it*, and those who do not use it are soon to be united with us by such ties as will make us one and inseparable. The iron horse will soon be clattering over the sunny plains of the South to bear the products of its upper tributaries to our Atlantic ports, as it now clatters over the ice-bound North. There is the great Mississippi, a bond of union made by nature's law. She will forever vindicate her right to the Union. On this territory we have a population four times as large as that with which these colonies separated from the mother country, and a hundred, I might say a thousand fold as strong. Our population is now 60 per cent. greater than that of the whole United States when we entered into the second war of independence. It is twice as large as the whole population of the United States was ten years after the conclusion of that war, and our exports are three times as great as those of the whole United States then. Upon our muster-rolls we have a million of men. In a defensive war, upon an emergency, every one of them would be available. At any time, the South can raise, equip, and maintain in the field, a larger army than any power of the earth can send against her, and an army of soldiers—men brought up on horseback, with guns in their hands.

THE NORTH POOR AND WEAK.

If we take the North, even when the two large States of Kansas and Minnesota shall be admitted, her territory will be one hundred thousand square miles short of ours. I do not speak of California and Oregon; there is no antagonism between the South and those countries, and never will be. The population of the North is fifty per cent. greater than ours. I have nothing to say in disparagement either of the soil of the North, or the people of the North, who are a brave, intelligent, energetic race, full of intellect, but they produce no great staple that the South does not produce; but we produce two or three, and those are the very greatest, that she can never produce. As to her men, however high they may be, they have never proved themselves to be superior to those of the South, either in the field or in the Senate.

SOUTHERN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

But, sir, the strength of a nation depends, in a great measure, upon its wealth, and the wealth of a nation, like that of a man, is to be estimated by its surplus production. You may go to your trashy census books, all of which is perfect nonsense, and they will tell you that *in the State of Tennessee, the whole number of house-servants is not equal to one-half those in my own house*, and such things as that. You may ascertain what is made throughout the country from these census books, but it is no matter how much is made if it is all consumed. If a man is worth millions of dollars and consumes his income, is he rich? Is he competent to embark in any new enterprise? Can he build ships or railroads? And could a people in that condition build ships and roads and go to war? All the enterprises of peace and war depend upon the surplus productions of a people. They may be happy, they may be comfortable, they may enjoy themselves in eating what they make; but they are not rich, they are not strong. It seems, by going to the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury, which are authentic, that last year the United States exported in round numbers $279,000,000 worth of domestic produce, excluding gold and foreign merchandise reëxported. Of this amount $158,000,000 worth is the clear produce of the South; articles that are not and cannot be made at the North. There are then $80,000,000 worth of exports of products of the forest, animal provisions, and breadstuffs. If we assume that the South made but one-third of these, and I think that is a low calculation, our exports are $185,000,000, leaving to the North less than $95,000,000.

In addition to this we send to the North $30,000,000 worth of cotton which is not counted in the exports. We send to her $8,000,000 worth of tobacco, which is not counted in the exports. We send naval stores, lumber, rice, and many other minor articles. There is no doubt that we send to the North $40,000,000 in addition; but suppose the amount to be $35,000,000, and it will give us a surplus production of $220,000,000. The recorded exports of the South now are greater than the whole exports of the United States in any year before 1856. They are greater than the whole average exports of the United States for the last twelve years, including the two extraordinary years of 1856 and 1857. They are nearly double the amount of the average exports of the twelve preceding years. If I am right in my calculations as to $220,000,000 of surplus produce, there is not a nation on the face of the earth, with any numerous population, that can compete with us in produce *per capita*. It amounts to $16 66 per head, supposing that we have twelve million people. England, with all her accumulated wealth, with her concentrated and intellectualized energy, makes under $16 of surplus production per head.

I have not made a calculation as to the North, with her $95,000,000 surplus; but, admitting that she exports as much as we do, with her 18,000,000 of population, it would be but little over $12 a head at the outside. She cannot export to us and abroad exceeding $10 a head against our $16. I know well enough that the North sends to the South a vast amount of the productions of her industry. I take it for granted that she, at least, pays us in that way for the $30,000,000 or $40,000,000 worth of cotton and other articles we send her. I am willing to admit that she pays us considerably more; but to bring up her to our amount of surplus production, to bring her up to $220,000,000 of surplus production, the South must take from her $125,000,000; and this, in addition to our share of the consumption of the $333,000,000 worth introduced into the country from abroad, and paid for in part by our own exports. The thing is absurd; it is impossible; it can never appear anywhere but on a census statistic book.

With an export of $220,000,000 under the present tariff, the South, organized separately, would have about $40,000,000 of revenue. With one-fourth the present tariff, she would have a revenue adequate to all her wants, for the South would never go to war, she would never need an army or a navy, beyond a few garrisons on the frontiers and a few revenue cutters. It is commerce that breeds war. It is manufactures that require to be hawked about over the world, and give rise to navies and commerce. But we have nothing to do but to take off restrictions on foreign merchandise and open our ports, and the whole world will come to us to trade. They will be too glad to bring and carry for us, and we never shall dream of a war. Why, sir, the South has never yet had a just cause for a war. Every time she has seized her sword it has been on the point of honour, and that point of honour has been mainly loyalty to her sister colonies and sister States, who have ever since plundered and calumniated her.

COTTON IS KING.

But if there were no other reason why we should never have a war, would any sane nation make war on cotton? Without firing a gun, without drawing a sword, when they make war on us we can bring the whole world to our feet. The South is perfectly competent to go on one, or two, or three years without planting a seed of cotton. I believe that if she was to plant but half her cotton, it would be an immense advantage to her. I am not sure but that, after three years' cessation, she would come out stronger than ever she was before and better prepared to enter afresh upon her great career of enterprise. What would happen if no cotton was furnished for three years? I will not stop to depict what every one can imagine, but this is certain: old England would topple headlong and carry the whole civilized world with her. No, sir, you dare not make war on cotton. No power on earth dares make war upon it. Cotton is king. Until lately the Bank of England was king, but she tried to put her screws as usual, the fall before last, upon the cotton crop, and was utterly vanquished. The last power has been conquered. Who can doubt it that has looked at recent events? When the abuse of credit had destroyed credit and annihilated confidence, when thousands of the strongest commercial houses in the world were coming down, and hundreds of millions of dollars of supposed property evaporating in thin air, when you came to a dead lock, and revolutions were threatened, what brought you up? Fortunately for you, it was the commencement of the cotton season, and we have poured in upon you one million six hundred thousand bales of cotton, just at the crisis, to save you from sinking. That cotton, but for the bursting of your speculative bubbles in the North, which produced the whole of this convulsion, would have brought us $100,000,000. We have sold it for $65,000,000, and saved you. Thirty-five million dollars we, the slaveholders of the South, have put into the charity-box of your magnificent financiers, your cotton lords, your merchant princes.

SLAVERY MAKES THE SOUTH STRONG.

But, sir, the greatest strength of the South arises from the harmony of her political and social institutions. This harmony gives her a frame of society, the best in the world, an extent of political freedom, combined with entire security, such as no other people ever enjoyed upon the face of the earth. Society precedes government; creates it, and ought to control it; but as far as we can look back in historic times we find the case different; for government is no sooner created than it becomes too strong for society, and shapes and moulds, as well as controls it. In later centuries the progress of civilization and intelligence has made the divergence so great as to produce civil wars and revolutions; and it is nothing now but the want of harmony between governments and societies which occasions all the uneasiness and trouble and terror that we see abroad. It was this that brought on the American Revolution. We threw off a government not adapted to our social system, and made one for ourselves. The question is, how far have we succeeded? The South, so far as that is concerned, is satisfied, content, harmonious and prosperous.

LABOURING MEN BUT MUD-SILLS.

In all social systems there must be a class to do the mean duties, to perform the drudgery of life—that is, a class requiring but a low order of intellect and but little skill. Its requisites are vigour, docility, fidelity. Such a class you must have, or you would not have that other class which leads progress, refinement and civilization. It constitutes the very mud-sills of society and of political government; and you might as well attempt to build a house in the air as to build either the one or the other except on the mud-sills. Fortunately for the South, she found a race adapted to that purpose to her hand—a race inferior to herself, but eminently qualified in temper, in vigour, in docility, in capacity to stand the climate, to answer all her purposes. We use them for the purpose, and call them slaves. We are old-fashioned at the South yet; it is a word discarded now by ears polite; but I will not characterize that class at the North with that term; but you have it; it is there; it is everywhere; it is eternal.

NORTHERN LABOURERS ARE BUT SLAVES.

The Senator from New York said, yesterday, that the whole world had abolished slavery. Ay, the name, but not the thing; and all the powers of the earth cannot abolish it. God only can do it when he repeals the *fiat*, "the poor ye always have with you"; *for the man who lives by daily labour, and scarcely lives at that, and who has to put out his labour in the market and take the best he can get for it—in short your whole class of manual labourers and operatives, as you call them, are slaves.* The difference between us is that our slaves are hired for life and well compensated; there is no starvation, no begging, no want of employment among our people, and not too much employment either. Yours are hired by the day, not cared for, and scarcely compensated, which may be proved in the most deplorable manner, at any hour, in any street in any of your large towns. Why, sir, you meet more beggars, in one day, in any single street of the City of New York than you would meet in a lifetime in the whole South. Our slaves are black, of another, inferior race. The *status* in which we have placed them is an elevation. They are elevated from the condition in which God first created them, by being made our slaves. None of that race on the whole face of the globe can be compared with the slaves of the South, and they know it. They are happy, content, unaspiring, and utterly incapable, from intellectual degradation, ever to give us any trouble by their aspirations.

Your slaves are white, of your own race; you are brothers of one blood. They are your equals in natural endowment of intellect, and they feel galled by the degradation. Our slaves do not vote. We give them no political power. Yours do vote, and, being the majority, they are the depositaries of all your political power. If they knew the tremendous secret, that the ballot-box is stronger than an army with bayonets, and could combine, where would you be? Your society would be reconstructed, your property divided, not as they have mistakenly attempted to initiate such proceedings by meeting in parks, with arms in their hands, but by the quiet process of the ballot-box. You have been making war upon us to our very hearth-stones. How would you like for us to send lecturers or agitators North, to teach these people this, to aid and assist in combining, and to lead them?

Mr. Wilson and others—Send them along.

NORTHERN LABOURERS ARE BEGGARS.

Mr. Hammond—You say send them North. There is no need of that. They are coming here. They are thundering at our doors for homesteads of one hundred and sixty acres of land for nothing, and Southern Senators are supporting it. Nay, they are assembling, as I have said, with arms in their hands, and demanding work at $1,000 a year and six hours a day. Have you heard that the ghost of Mendoza is stalking in the streets of your big cities; that the inquisition is at hand? There is afloat a fearful rumour that there have been consultations for vigilance committees. You know what that means already. Transient and temporary causes have thus far been your preservation. The great West has been open to your surplus population, and your hordes of semi-barbarian emigrants, who are crowding in year by year. They make a great movement, and you call it progress. Whither? It is progress, but it is progress toward vigilance committees. The South have sustained you in a great measure. You are our factors. You bring and carry for us. $150,000,000 of our money passes annually through your hands. Much of it sticks; all of it assists to keep your machinery together and in motion. Suppose we were to discharge you; suppose we were to take our business out of your hands; we should consign you to anarchy and poverty.

SOUTHERN RULE GLORIOUS AND BENEFICENT.

You complain of the rule of the South: that has been another cause that has preserved you. We have kept the Government conservative to the great purpose of the Government. We have placed her and kept her upon the Constitution; and that has been the cause of your peace and prosperity. The Senator from New York says that that is about to be at an end; that you intend to take the Government from us; that it will pass from our hands. Perhaps what he says is true; it may be; but do not forget—it can never be forgotten, it is written on the brightest page of human history—that we, the slaveholders of the South, took our country in her infancy, and, after ruling her for sixty out of the seventy years of her existence, we shall surrender her to you without a stain upon her honour, boundless in prosperity, incalculable in her strength, the wonder and the admiration of the world. Time will show what you will make of her, but no time can ever diminish our glory, or your responsibility.

The Abolition Convention.—It really seems to do our Abolition fellow-citizens good to get together once or twice a year and free their minds. Such a gathering was held in Albany on Monday. It was about equally divided between the colours and the sexes. The President was Rev. Samuel J. May. He generally presides at Abolition Meetings, Woman's Rights Conventions and Spiritual Circles. The telegraph informs us that the "customary resolutions" were adopted, one of which "condemned all other political parties as dishonest."

That resolution is always passed unanimously. We never knew it fail. The brethren and sisters, white and black, find huge comfort therein. Not one of them but is trained to speak to it. And, to do them justice, it is a study to contemplate their skill in vituperation. Long practice has made them perfect. The gusto with which they denounce is prodigious. They hug themselves in an ecstacy of virulence, and grow sharper from year to year. Their milk of human kindness has been soured by the thunder of their own eloquence. What matters it that no practical good is accomplished? They can meet, and resolve, and rail in the most extraordinary manner, which seems to satisfy their ambition. It takes all sorts of people to make a world.—*N. Y. Times.*

Selections.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE, MARCH 5, 1770.

[*The Liberator* of last week contains a full report—occupying more than eight columns—of the meeting held in Faneuil Hall, on the 5th inst., in commemoration of the 87th Anniversary of the Boston Massacre, and especially in memory of Crispus Attucks, the earliest martyr of American Independence, who fell by the bullets of British soldiers, in King street, on the night of March 5th, 1770. The exigencies of our space forbid us, of course, to copy this report in full, but we must make room for the exceedingly able address of one of the coloured speakers, Dr. J. S. Rock, and also for the brief remarks of Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips.]

SPEECH OF DR. ROCK.

Ladies and Gentlemen: You will not expect a lengthened speech from me to-night. My health is too poor to allow me to indulge much in speech-making. But I have not been able to resist the temptation to unite with you in this demonstration of respect for some of my noble but misguided ancestors.

White Americans have taken great pains to try to prove that we are cowards. We are often insulted with the assertion that if we had had the courage of the Indians or the white man, we would never have submitted to be slaves. I ask if Indians and white men have never been slaves? The white man tested the Indian's courage here when he had his organized armies, his battle-grounds, his places of retreat, with everything to hope for and everything to lose. The position of the African slave has been very different. Seized a prisoner of war, unarmed, bound hand and foot and conveyed to a distant country, among what, to him, were worse than cannibals; brutally beaten, half starved, closely watched by armed men, with no means of knowing their own strength or the strength of their enemies, with no weapons, and without a probability of success. But if the white man will take the trouble to fight the black man in Africa or in Hayti, and fight him as fair as the black man will fight him there—if the black man does not come off victor, I am deceived in his prowess. But, take a man, armed or unarmed, from his home, his country or his friends, and place him among savages, and who is he that would not make good his retreat? "Discretion is the better part of valour," but for a man to resist where he knows it will destroy him shows more fool-hardiness than courage. There have been many Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Americans enslaved in Africa, but I have never heard that they successfully resisted any government. They always resort to running indispensables.

The courage of the Anglo-Saxon is best illustrated in his treatment of the negro. A score or two of them can pounce upon a poor negro, tie and beat him, and then call him a coward because he submits. Many of their most brilliant victories have been achived in the same manner. But the greatest battles which they have fought have been upon paper. We can easily account for this; their trumpeter is dead. He died when they used to be exposed for sale in the Roman market, about the time that Cicero cautioned his friend Atticus not to buy them, on account of their stupidity. A little more than half a century ago, this race, in connection with their Celtic neighbours, who have long been considered (by themselves, of course) as the bravest soldiers in the world, so far forgot themselves as to attack a few cowardly, stupid negro slaves, who, according to their accounts, had not sense enough to go to bed. And what was the result? Why, sir, the negroes drove them out from the island like so many sheep, and they have never dared to show their faces, except with hat in hand.

Our true and tried friend, Rev. Theodore Parker, said, in his speech at the State House, a few weeks since, that "the stroke of the axe would have settled the question long ago, but the black man would not strike." Mr. Parker makes a very low estimate of the courage of his race, if he means that one, two or three millions of these ignorant and cowardly black slaves could, without means, have brought to their knees five, ten or twenty millions of intelligent, brave white men, backed up by a rich oligarchy. But I know of no one who is more familiar with the true character of the Anglo-Saxon race than Mr. Parker. I will not dispute this point with him, but I will thank him or any one else to tell us how it could have been done. His remark calls to my mind the day which is to come, when one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. But, when he says that "the black man *would not* strike," I am prepared to say that he does us great injustice. The black man is not a coward. The history of the bloody struggles for freedom in Hayti, in which the blacks whipped the French and the English, and gained their independence, in spite of the perfidy of that villanous First Consul, will be a lasting refutation of the malicious aspersions of our enemies. The history of the struggles for the liberty of the United States ought to silence every American calumniator. I have learned that, even so late as the Texan war, a number of black men were found silly enough to offer themselves as living sacrifices for our country's shame. A gentleman who delivered a lecture before the New York Legislature, a few years since, whose name I do not now remember, but whose language I give with some precision, said, "In the Revolution, coloured soldiers fought side by side with you in your struggles for liberty, and there is not a battle-field from Maine to Georgia that has not been crimsoned with their blood, and whitened with their bones." In 1814, a bill passed the Legislature of New York, accepting the services of 2,000 coloured volunteers. Many black men served under Com. McDonough, when he conquered on lake Champlain. Many were in the battles of Plattsburgh and Sackett's Harbour, and General Jackson called out coloured troops from Louisiana and Alabama, and in a solemn proclamation attested to their fidelity and courage.

The white man contradicts himself who says that if he were in our situation, he would throw off the yoke. Thirty millions of white men of this proud Caucasian race are, at this moment, held as slaves, and bought and sold with horses and cattle. The iron heel of oppression grinds the masses of all the European races to the dust. They suffer every kind of oppression, and no one dares to open his mouth to protest against it. Even in the Southern portion of this boasted land of liberty, no white man dares advocate so much of the Declaration of Independence as declares that "all men are created free and equal, and have an inalienable right to life, liberty," &c.

White men have no room to taunt us with tamely submitting. If they were black men, they would work wonders; but, as white men, they can do nothing. "O, Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

Now, it would not be surprising if the brutal treatment which we have received for the past two centuries should have crushed our spirits. But this is not the case. Nothing but a superior force keeps us down. And when I see the slaves rising up by hundreds annually, in the majesty of human nature, bidding defiance to every slave code and its penalties, making the issue Canada or death, and that too while they are closely watched by paid men armed with pistols, clubs and bowie-knives, with the army and navy of this great Model Republic arrayed against them, I am disposed to ask if the charge of cowardice does not come with an ill grace.

But some men are so steeped in folly and imbecility; so lost to all feelings of their own littleness; so destitute of principle, and so regardless of humanity, that they dare attempt to destroy everything which exists in opposition to their interests or opinions which their narrow comprehensions cannot grasp.

We ought not to come here simply to honour those brave men who shed their blood for freedom, or to protest against the Dred Scott decision, but to take counsel of each other, and to enter into new vows of duty. Our fathers fought nobly for freedom, but they were not victorious. They fought for liberty, but they got slavery. The white man was benefitted, but the black man was injured. I do not envy the white American the little liberty which he enjoys. It is his right, and he ought to have it. I wish him success, though I do not think he deserves it. But I would have all men free. We have had much and experience in this country, and it would be strange indeed if we do not profit by some of the lessons which we have so dearly paid for. Sooner or later, the clashing of arms will be heard in this country, and the black man's services will be needed: 150,000 freemen, capable of bearing arms, and not all cowards and fools, and three-quarters of a million of slaves, wild with the enthusiasm caused by the dawn of the glorious opportunity of being able to strike a genuine blow for freedom, will be a power which white men will be "bound to respect." Will the blacks fight? Of course they will. The black man will never be neutral. He could not if he would, and he would not if he could. Will he fight for this country, right or wrong? This the common sense of every one answers; and, when the time comes, and come it will, the black man will give an intelligent answer. Judge Taney may outlaw us; Caleb Cushing may show the depravity of his heart by abusing us; and this wicked government may oppress us; but the black man will live when Judge Taney, Caleb Cushing and this wicked government are no more. White men may despise, ridicule, slander and abuse us; they may seek, as they always have done, to divide us, and make us feel degraded; but no man shall cause me to turn my back upon my race. With it I will sink or swim.

The prejudice which some white men have, or affect to have, against my colour gives me no pain. If any man does not fancy my colour, that is his business, and I shall not meddle with it. I shall give myself no trouble because he lacks good taste. If he judges my intellectual capacity by my colour, he certainly cannot expect much profundity, for it is only skin deep, and is really of no very great importance to any one but myself. I will not deny that I admire the talents and noble characters of many white men. But I cannot say that I am particularly pleased with their physical appearance. If old mother nature had held out as well as she commenced, we should, probably, have had fewer varieties in the races. When I contrast the fine tough muscular system, the beautiful, rich colour, the full broad features, and the gracefully frizzled hair of the negro, with the delicate physical organization, wan colour, sharp features and lank hair of the Caucasian, I am inclined to believe that when the white man was created, nature was pretty well exhausted—but, determined to keep up appearances, she pinched up his features, and did the best she could under the circumstances (great laughter).

I would have you understand that I not only love my race, but am pleased with my colour; and while many coloured persons may feel degraded by being called negroes, and wish to be classed among [illegible], I [illegible] my duty, my pleasure and my pride, to concentrate my feeble efforts in elevating to a fair position a race to which I am especially identified by feelings and by blood.

My friends, we can never become elevated until we are true to ourselves. We can come here and make brilliant speeches, but our field of duty is elsewhere. Let us go to work—each man in his place, determined to do what he can for himself and his race. Let us try to carry out some of the resolutions which we have made, and are so fond of making. If we do this, friends will spring up in every quarter, and where we least expect them. But we must not rely on them. They cannot elevate us. Whenever the coloured man is elevated, it will be by his own exertions. Our friends can do what many of them are nobly doing, assist us to remove the obstacles which prevent our elevation, and stimulate the worthy to persevere. The coloured man who, by dint of perseverance and industry, educates and elevates himself, prepares the way for others, gives character to the race, and hastens the day of general emancipation. While the negro who hangs around the corners of the streets, or lives in the grog-shops or by gambling, or who has no higher ambition than to serve, is, by his vocation, forging fetters for the slave, and is, "to all intents and purposes," a curse to his race. It is true, considering the circumstances under which we have been placed by our white neighbours, we have a right to ask them not only to cease to oppress us, but to give us that encouragement which our talents and industry may merit. When this is done, they will see our minds expand, and our pockets filled with rocks. How very few coloured men are encouraged in their trades or business! Our young men see this and become disheartened. In this country, where money is the great sympathetic nerve which ramifies society, and has a ganglia in every man's pocket, a man is respected in proportion to his success in business. When the avenues to wealth are opened to us, we will then become educated and wealthy, and then the roughest looking coloured man that you ever saw, or ever will see, will be pleasanter than the harmonies of Orpheus, and black will be a very pretty colour. It will make our jargon, wit—our words, oracles; flattery will then take the place of slander, and you will find no prejudice in the Yankee whatever. We do not expect to occupy a much better position than we now do until we shall have our educated and wealthy men, who can wield a power that cannot be misunderstood. Then, and not till then, will the tongue of slander be silenced, and the lip of prejudice sealed. Then, and not till then, will we be able to enjoy true equality, which can exist only among peers.

REMARKS OF REV. THEODORE PARKER.

My friend Dr. Rock said a great many good things of the African race, of which he is himself so fair and fine a representative. I assent most heartily to almost all he said; and if I cannot agree with the strictures he was pleased to make on some remarks that fell from my lips the other day, I am only sorry. I was not speaking of the African's future—only of his past. I have said a hundred times that his was the most pacific race of men on the face of the earth; the least revengeful, the most merciful, the slowest to strike, and the readiest to forgive. I think it would be rather incompatible with that long list of virtues to say that he was likewise the most warlike, or equal, in his warlike propensities, to the Caucasian, who would rather enslave twenty men, and kill twenty more, than be a slave himself. I spoke of the past, not of the future. I make no doubt he will fight; I do not care how soon he has the opportunity. Slavery will not be exterminated with one blow; it will take a great many blows, and I hope the black man will do his part.

I heartily sympathize with my friend in his admiration for the vigour, the force and the colour of the black man. If I had been born black, I hope I should have had sense enough to have been proud of my colour. I do not think the Almighty was a less perfect artificer when he made the black man, "the image of God cut in ebony," than when he made the white man, with the carnation and pink in his cheeks. "Every man to his taste." I was glad to hear my friend say he was proud of his colour, as I am when I hear an Englishman say he is proud he is a Briton. I agree, therefore, most heartily with most of the things which Dr. Rock said, and if I cannot agree with all, perhaps he will think it is my misfortune; I am sure he will not think it is my fault.

Mr. Parker then, as an illustration of the bravery and valour of coloured men, told an anecdote of three slaves, unarmed, who, not long since, ran away from Southern Kansas, and succeeded in reaching the woods of Nebraska, where they were overtaken by eight *valiant* white men, mounted on horseback, and armed to the teeth, who attacked them; but, notwithstanding the great disparity of numbers and weapons, were overcome by the three fugitives, who disarmed them, took their horses from them, killed one and wounded several—two of them escaping, leaving the other, with his right arm shot off, in the hands of the kidnappers. They traced their way back to Kansas, and from thence to Canada. "No white skin," said Mr. Parker, "could have been more valiant; no white skin could have been more adroit in the use of his means. I hope the day will come when these exceptional instances of valour will be brought forward as a proof that valour is likewise instantial in the African race, and that they will show it by rising and achieving their freedom by the only method which the world thoroughly and heartily accepts, and that is by drawing the sword and cleaving the oppressor from his crown to his groin, until one half falls to the right, and the other half falls to the left (loud applause). No doubt the civilized world is ruled partly by constitutions, written on parchment; but the only parchment which kings and people respect very much is the parchment of the drum-head. The great charters of human freedom have been written in an ink very costly, very precious—it is the ink a man carries in his heart. That is the ink in which the charters of Roman, Grecian, Hebrew, Egyptian, British and American liberty have been writ, and fore God this day, I believe there is no other ink which will secure the freedom of the African people. I say, there will be a chance for fighting; nobody knows how soon it will come. I have said many times, I thought the African would not be content to be a slave always; I wish he would not a single day more."

Here at my left hand, said Mr. Parker, is a standard which bears the initials of John Hancock and George Washington. It is a silken standard, which Mr. Hancock, when Governor of Massachusetts, presented to the first company, I think it was, of coloured persons ever organized in Massachusetts. They were called "Bucks." A very aged woman, daughter of the ensign of this company, is still living in this city and owns this flag, holding it in great esteem. John Hancock is one of the proudest names Massachusetts can boast, and he made it still dearer to posterity by connecting himself with this flag and company. First there is the letter "J.", then "G. W.", and then "H."—thus John Hancock embraces George Washington, and presents this banner to the African people. I hope it will prove not only a memento of the past, but a prophecy likewise for the future.

There are two other very pleasant relics in this hall to-night, to which I wish to call your attention for a moment. We sometimes speak of our "old" Revolution, and consider it a very ancient thing. The Revolution was born in 1775. I know Mr. Nell says it was born five years earlier; but I believe its birth was not recorded on the parish books of the nation until about the beginning of the year 1775; and it was not weaned until somewhat late in the year 1783. But here is an aged woman, bearing the venerable name of "Boston," who was nearly thirty years old at the time when the Revolution itself was born, and was almost forty when the Revolution was weaned. A very venerable relic! It is often said that the African is the shortest lived of all the races on the earth. There are less than two thousand coloured people in the city of Boston; there are only nineteen persons in the State of Massachusetts who are over one hundred years old, and the coloured people furnish one—one in this city—one out of two thousand; I should like to know if the whole city of Boston can beat good old mother "Boston" in point of age!

Here is another venerable relic; namely, an old gentleman (Darby Vassall), who was born a slave and sold as a slave, and belonged to one of the most distinguished families in the State. He was a boy some eleven years old, I think, when the battle of Lexington was fought, and could tell you, if he was not too modest to speak in this place, after his countryman Dr. Rock, that on the morning of the 19th of April, he heard the bells ringing, to indicate that American Independence was born. Alas! it was not independence for him. He was a slave then, long continued a slave, and was subsequently sold. I am glad he is here to rejoice with us to-night.

REMARKS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am very glad to stand here in an hour when we come together to do honour to one of the first martyrs in our Revolution. I think we sometimes tell the story of what he did with too little appreciation of how much it takes to make the first move in the cold streets of a revolutionary epoch. It is a very easy thing to sit down and read the history; it is a very easy thing to imagine what we would have done; it is a very different thing to strike the first blow. It is a very hard thing to spring out of the ranks of [illegible] every day [illegible]—[illegible] establishment—and fire the first musket. The man or the dozen men who do it deserve great, preëminent, indisputable places in the history of the Revolution. It is an easy thing to fight when the blood is hot; but this man, whose memory we commemorate to-night, stepped out of common life, every-day quiet, and lifted his arm among the very first against the government. It is only preëminent courage that can do this. To-day, in yonder capital of Paris, the whole government rests on a thin film of ice. A hundred men in arms in the streets would break it; that hundred men cannot be found—a hundred men willing to risk their lives, with a cold, unmoved populace behind them. Those five men who were killed on that eventful night of the 5th of March, of whom Crispus Attucks was the leader, they never have had their fair share of fame.

Our friend, Theodore Parker, said the Revolution was not born so early. I think him wrong there; it was. Emerson said the first gun heard round the world was that of Lexington. Who set the example of guns? Who taught the British soldier that he might be defeated? Who dared first to look into his eyes? Those five men! The 5th of March was the baptism of blood. The 5th of March was what made the Revolution something beside talk. Revolution always begins with the populace, never with the leaders. They argue, they resolve, they organize; it is the populace that, like the edge of a cloud, shows the lightning first. This was the lightning. I hail the 5th of March as the baptism of the Revolution into forcible resistance; without that, it would have been simply a discussion of rights. I place, therefore, this Crispus Attucks in the foremost rank of the men that dared. When we talk of courage, he rises, with his dark face, in his clothes of the labourer, his head uncovered, his arm raised above him, defying bayonets—the emblem of revolutionary violence in its dawn; and when the proper symbols are placed around the base of the statue of Washington, one corner will be filled by the coloured man, defying the British muskets (applause).

I think it is right that we should come here and remember Crispus Attucks. It is right, because every coloured man has but one thing to remember in life, and that is—Slavery. All races are one—they are a unit. The white race is a unit, the Caucasian race is a unit, the black race is a unit—one. There is only one great, terrible fact in regard to the coloured race at the present moment; it is, that millions of it wear the chain. There is nothing for the rest of the race decent to do but to devote themselves to the breaking of that chain (applause). All literature, all wealth, all patriotism, all religion, should gravitate toward emancipation. I value the triumphs of the literary genius of Dumas solely as an argument thrown into the scale of the great balance, whether the coloured man is worthy of liberty. Genius is worth nothing else now with the coloured man except as helping that argument. I would have you, as your friend Dr. Rock suggested, thrifty, eloquent, industrious, successful, rich, able, only as an argument that the coloured race has a right to a place side by side and equal with the white. I wish I could impress this truth on every coloured man. His race to-day is on trial. The world says it merits only chains. The best thing he can do with his life, with his genius, with his wealth, with his character, is to throw them into the scale of the argument, and make pro-slavery prejudice kick the beam.

I want to say another thing. I do not believe in the argument which my learned and eloquent friend Theodore Parker has stated in regard even to the *courage* of coloured blood. It is a hazardous thing to dare to differ with so profound a scholar, with so careful a thinker, as Theodore Parker; but I cannot accept his argument, and for this reason. He says the Caucasian race, each man of it, would kill twenty men, and enslave twenty more, rather than be a slave; and thence he deduces that the coloured race, which suffers slavery here, is not emphatically distinguished for courage. I take issue on that statement. There is no race in the world that has not been enslaved at one period. This very Saxon blood we boast was enslaved for five centuries in Europe. We were slaves—we *white* people. This very English blood of ours—Saxon—was the peculiar mark of slavery for five or six hundred years. The Slavonic race, of which we are a branch, is enslaved by millions to-day in Russia. The French race has been enslaved for centuries. Then add this fact—no race, *not one*, ever vindicated its freedom from slavery by the sword. We did not win freedom by the sword; we did not resist, we Saxons. If you go to the catalogue of races that have actually abolished slavery by the sword, the coloured race is the only one that has ever yet afforded an instance, and that is St. Domingo (applause). This white race of ours did not vindicate its title to liberty by the sword. The villeins of England who were slaves did not get their own liberty; it was gotten for them. They did not even rise in insurrection—they were quiet; and if in 1200 or 1300 of the Christian era, a black man had landed on the soil of England, and had said, "This white race don't deserve freedom; don't you see the villeins scattered through Kent, Northumberland and Sussex?—why don't they rise and cut their masters throats?" the Theodore Parkers of that age would have been like the Dr. Rocks of this—they could not have answered. The only race in history that ever took the sword into their hands, and cut their chains, is the black race of St. Domingo. Let that fact go for what it is worth. The villeinage of France and England wore out by the progress of commerce, by the growth of free cities, by the education of the people, by the advancement of Christianity. So I think the slavery of the blacks will wear out. I think, therefore, that the simple and limited experiment of three centuries of black slavery is not basis enough for the argument. No, the black man may well scorn it, and say—"I summon before the jury, Africa, with her savage millions, that has maintained her independence for two or three thousand years; I summon Egypt with the arts, I summon St. Domingo with the sword; and I choose to be tried in the great company of the millions, not alone!" And in that company, he may claim to have shown as much courage as any other race—full as much.

I, therefore, will never try the argument with the single illustration of American slavery. No; and yet, if I did, I should be proud to have the same colour with Margaret Garner; for I know of no prouder name in the history of the nineteenth century than of that heroic mother, standing alone, defying the Democracy of thirty-one States, rising, in the instinctive love of a mother superior to the low Christianity of the present age, and writing her religion and heroism in the bloody right hand that gave her infant back to God for safe keeping (loud applause). Any man might well be proud to share the colour of that mother, whose grave some future Plutarch or Tacitus will find, when he calls up the heroism of the nineteenth century.

My friend, Mr. Nell, has gathered together, in a small volume, instances enough of the heroism of coloured blood, and the share it took in our Revolution, and yet he has not told half the story. I commend his book to the care and patronage of every man who loves the coloured race. And not only to buy it—that is not enough. If there is any young man who has any literary ambition, let him fill up the sketch, let him complete the picture; let him go sounding along the untrodden fields of revolutionary anecdote, and gather up every fact touching the share his race took in that struggle. Why, the wealthiest family in Boston—that of the Lawrences—in their own family history, record the fact that the father of Abbot Lawrence was the captain of a company made up entirely of coloured men; and when once, in the fierce and hot valour of a forgetful moment, he rushed too far into the ranks of the enemy, and was alone, ready to be made a prisoner, he looked back to his ranks of coloured men, and they charged through two lines of the enemy, rescued their captain, and made it possible for the Lawrences to exist (applause). They ought to be grateful—yes, that whole wealthy family ought to be grateful to coloured courage, that it saved their own father from a Jersey ship of war, and enabled him to take his share in the Revolutionary struggle, and be buried in the old homestead at Groton. And doubtless, if your literary zeal shall follow up the path your friend Nell has opened, you will find scarcely any name on the whole roll of Revolutionary fame that does not owe more or less to coloured courage and coöperation. I commend it to your care. Never forget the part your race took in the great struggle. Cherish, preserve, illustrate it. Compel the white man to write your names, not as they have written them in Connecticut, at the bottom of the rest, with a line between, negro-pew fashion, but make them write them on the same marble, and in the same line. The time will yet come when we will, as Caleb Cushing says, drag this Massachusetts Legislature at our heels, and *they* shall pay for a monument to Attucks (loud cheers, and cries of "Good"). It will be but the magnanimous atonement for the injury and forgetfulness of so many years. They owe it to him, and they shall yet pay it. You and I, faithful to our trust, will see to it. Our fathers were honest and grateful enough to bury him from beneath these very walls. John Hancock did himself the honour, from his own balcony in Beacon street, to give that banner to coloured men, recognising them as citizens and as soldiers. The time shall come when the flavour of that good deed shall perfume Beacon street, and make it worthier (cheers). I always thought that I had a pride in having been born in it; now I know the reason (renewed cheering).

Yes, like "Old Mortality," we come here to-night to make the [illegible] [illegible], to [illegible] off the moss that has gathered over it. It is only "the beginning of the end." The time shall come, if you, young men, do your duty, when the part your ancestors played, when the laurels they won, when the deeds they performed, in our Revolutionary era, shall be raked up from forgetfulness. I will tell you how. Do you know how great-grandfathers get remembered? I will tell you. The world is very forgetful—Republics are proverbially ungrateful. You must not expect that the white men will wake up, and do you justice. O, no! I will tell you how it is to be done. We are very fond of finding reasons for things, and explaining them away. If we see a boy very bright, with great genius, we are fond of saying, "Well, we knew his father and mother, and they were very bright people." Or, if we see a grandson very famous, we say, "Well, he comes of a good stock; we remember his grandfather, he could do this thing or the other." When Theodore Parker came into the city of Boston, and made the boldest pulpit in the city, men said, "It is all right. This is the blood that fired the first musket at Lexington, and it is only cropping out in a new place." Now, some of you coloured men, Boston coloured men, go you to-morrow and show your valour in the field, valour in life, valour in education, valour in making money, valour in making your mark in the world, and instantly the papers will begin to say, "O, yes! they have always been a brave, gallant people. Was there not Attucks in '70? By the by, let us build him a monument." You must remind us by instances. You must not come to us and argue. That is not the way to convince us. The common people do not stop to argue. You must convince us by a life.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE IN LIVERPOOL.

From The Liverpool Albion, Feb. 20.

On Saturday afternoon, a poor fugitive slave, who arrived three weeks ago at Liverpool from New Orleans, stowed away in the hold of a cotton ship, was brought to this office. The following is his own plain, unvarnished tale, taken down as the narrative fell from his lips:

"My name is Tom Wilson. I arrived here in a ship called the Metropolis, Captain Foster. I am slave born; I have been under slave bondage ever since I was born. I am now 45 years old. I belonged to Mr. Henry Fastman, of New York, cotton presser. I was under him for the space of seven years. Before then, I belonged to Colonel Barr, of Woodford, Mississippi. There I had a wife and three children, besides having had another child which died. I was sold by auction, by Major Baird's auctioneer, for $2,500, and was taken down to New Orleans, away from my wife and children, and I hav'n't seen them since. Shortly after I got there, Mr. Fastman's overseer, Burke, commenced to ill-use me. I didn't understand tying the cotton; it was new to me, and I was awkward, so I was flogged. They used to tie me down across a cotton bale, and give me 200 or 300 with a leather strap. I am marked with the whip from the ankle-bone to the crown of my head. Some years before I was sold from Mississippi, the overseer there, because I resisted punishment once, cut my right arm across the muscle, and then had it stitched up. He did that, as he said, to weaken me, because I was too strong in the arm.

"About a year and a half after I had been in New Orleans, I ran into the woods. I was followed by Burke and a pack of bloodhounds into the Baddenrush Swamp. The dogs soon caught me. They tore my legs and body with their teeth. Here are the marks yet. [As he spoke he turned up his trousers' legging, and exposed formidable seams, extending up the calf and above the knee joint.] Burke (he continued) rode up to me with his gun, and shot me in the hip with 14 buck-shot, which can be seen and examined at any time. The dogs continued to pin me with their teeth. After that I knowed nothing about what they did to me for about a week. When I got a little strong, they burned my back with a red hot iron, and my legs with spirits of turpentine, to punish me for escaping. They put an iron collar round my neck, which I wore for eight months, besides two irons, one on each leg. After that I was watched very closely; but one night, about a week after Christmas, I ran away, and hid myself under the saw-dust, in a saw-mill pit, below New Orleans. I was followed by Burke, the overseer, and the dogs, but they did not find me. I crept out, and ran away, for more safety, to the Great Salt water Lake, behind Orleans, secreting myself under the bushes and vines. There are alligators in the lake, and, as I waded up to the knees in the water, the alligators followed me, grunting and bellowing, and trying to get me. I had several times to climb up trees to escape them; but I felt safer among the alligators than among the white men. In the morning, at four o'clock, I went down to the wharf. On the road I came across some of the men who were out watching for me, with guns and dogs. It was just getting light. I began to whistle and sing and walked close by them, and they paid no attention to me. When I got down to the wharf, some of the coloured crew of the American cotton ship Metropolis took me on board, and hid me away among the bales. One of the coloured men split on me, and there was a search for me that day; but they did not find me, and I trembled to think I should be taken back and tortured. I was frightened, too, for the coloured men who had befriended me. I was kept out of the sight of the white men, and Captain Foster did not know anything about it until after the men had been paid off at Liverpool. I remained hid from a week after Christmas until about three weeks ago, when the ship came here. During the time I was secreted I was kept alive by the coloured men, who had been so good to me. They brought me something to eat and drink every night. When I first landed here I was frightened at every white man I passed, and I hid myself about where I could, and begged at night for bread. I was afraid I should be taken into slavery again. I did not know I could not be a slave here."

With regard to the future, poor "Tom Wilson" said he would be very glad of a fireman's place on board a coasting steamer. When in slavery in America he had been hired out as a fireman on one of the lake steamers. He said he could do that work very well, and could stand any amount of heat.

From inquiries we have made, we are induced to believe that the foregoing narrative, which reads like a lost chapter of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is substantially true.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AND THE RESOURCES OF AFRICA.

A grand farewell banquet, previous to his departure for Africa, was given to Dr. Livingstone, in London, on the 14th ult. Many distinguished personages, including scientific and literary men and members of Parliament, were present. Sir R. Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, who occupied the chair, announced that, on that very day, the Queen had granted Dr. Livingstone an interview, in the course of which she had expressed the highest wishes for his success, and had heartily wished him God speed. Her Majesty had also appointed Dr. Livingstone her Consul to the Portuguese colonies. The Doctor, in rising to return thanks for a toast drank to his success with the greatest enthusiasm, showed unmistakably how much he was affected by the reception he had met with. He said:

"When I was in Africa I could not but look forward with joyous anticipation to my arrival in my native land; but when I remember how I have been received, and when I reflect that I am now again returning to the scene of my former labours, I am at a loss how to express in words the feelings of my heart (loud cheers). In former times, while I was performing what I considered to be my duty in Africa, I felt great pleasure in the work; and now, when I perceive that all eyes are directed to me uture conduct, I feel as if I were laid under a load of obligations to do better than I have ever done as yet (loud cheers). I expect to find for myself no large fortune in that country (renewed cheers). nor do I expect to explore any large portions of a new country, but I do hope to find that through that part of the country which I have already explored a pathway, by means of the river Zambesi, which may lead to highlands where Europeans may form a settlement, and where, by opening up communication and establishing commercial intercourse with the natives of Africa, they may slowly, but not the less surely, impart to the people of that country the knowledge and the inestimable blessings of Christianity (loud cheers). I am glad to have connected with me in this expedition my gallant friend, Captain Bedingfield (hear, hear), who knows not only what African rivers are, but also what are African fevers (a laugh). With his aid I may be able to discover the principles of the river system of that great continent; and if I find that system to be what I think it is, I propose to establish a dépôt upon the Zambesi, and from that station more especially to examine into that river system, which, according to the statements of the natives, if discovered, would afford a pathway to the country beyond, where cotton, indigo and other raw material might be obtained to any amount. I am happy also in being accompanied by men experienced in geology, in botany, in art and in photography, who will bring back to England reports upon all those points which I alone have attempted to deal with, and very little means at my disposal (loud cheers). The success—if I may call it success (renewed cheering)—which has attended my former efforts to open up the country mainly depended upon my entering into the feelings and the wishes of the people of the interior of Africa. I found that the tribes in the interior of that country were just as anxious to have a part of the seaboard as I was to open a communication with the interior; and I am quite certain of obtaining the coöperation of those tribes in my next expedition. Should I succeed in my endeavour—should we be able to open a communication advantageous to ourselves with the natives of the interior of Africa, it would be our great duty to confer upon them those great benefits of Christianity which have been bestowed upon ourselves (cheers). Let us not make the same mistake in Africa that we have made in India (renewed cheering)—but let us take to that country our Christianity with us (cheers). I confess that I am not sanguine enough to hope for any speedy result from this expedition, but I am sanguine as to its ultimate result (cheers). I feel convinced that if we can establish a system of free labour in Africa, it will have a most decided influence upon slavery throughout the world (loud cheers). Success, however, under Providence, depends upon us as Englishmen. I look upon Englishmen as perhaps the most freedom-loving people in the world, and I think that the kindly feeling which has been displayed towards me since my return to my native land has arisen from the belief that my efforts might at some future time tend to put an end to the odious traffic in slaves (loud cheers). England has, unfortunately, been compelled to obtain cotton and other raw material from slave States (cheers), and has thus been the mainstay and support of slavery in America. Surely, then, it follows that if we can succeed in obtaining the raw material from other sources than from the slave States of America, we should strike a heavy blow at the system of slavery itself (loud cheers). I do not wish to arouse expectations in connection with this expedition which may never be realized, but what I want to do is to get in the thin end of the wedge (cheers), and then I leave it to be driven home by English energy and English spirit (loud cheers). I cannot express to you in adequate language the sense which I entertain of the kindness which I have received since my return to this country, but I can assure you that I shall ever retain a grateful recollection of the way you have received me on the eve of my departure from my native land (cheers).

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALBANY CONVENTION occupy so much of our space this week, that we are compelled, at the last moment, to postpone several articles for which we earnestly desired to find room, and to exclude altogether, the usual column of Summary. Among the omitted articles is an Exposition of the Forney movement in Pennsylvania, by our Philadelphia correspondent, to which allusion was made last week. Delay, however, will not in any degree impair the interest of that Exposition.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT ALBANY.

THE Convention assembled in Van Vechten Hall, on Monday, March 8th, and was called to order at 10 1-2 o'clock, by AARON M. POWELL. The following organization was then adopted:

President—Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, of Syracuse, N. Y.
Vice-Presidents—LYDIA MOTT, Albany, N. Y. AARON M. POWELL, Ghent, N. Y.
Secretaries—JOSEPH W. PECKHAM, Easton, N. Y., ELIZABETH M. POWELL, Ghent, N. Y.
Business Committee—A. M. Powell, Mary Harper, Chas. L. Remond, Margaret Marriott, Isaac Griffen.
Finance Committee—Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, N. Y.; Phebe H. Jones, Troy, N. Y.

MR. MAY, on taking the chair, addressed the Convention briefly. He said, this is the time, the day and the hour for speaking the strongest word. Too long has been delayed the united, vigorous opposition to the aggressive system of Slavery. Mr. Seward, the great statesman, had at last seen that we must no longer compromise. He referred to immediate emancipation as the principle upon which the anti-slavery movement was originally founded, and as the issue we still would present and press home upon the consideration of every individual.

AARON M. POWELL spoke briefly of the characteristic differences between uncompromising Abolitionists and other classes of people in regard to slavery. He read several resolutions, which embodied some of the principles that would constitute the basis of the discussions during the subsequent sessions—the resolutions had not been submitted to the Committee, but, if approved, would be duly presented to the Convention in the afternoon. He invited one and all to a hearty coöperation, and hoped that each person would earnestly put forth his or her exertions to make the Convention in every respect successful, and a most useful occasion.

The Convention then adjourned till 2 1-2 o'clock p. m.

AFTERNOON SESSION.—The President in the chair.

AARON M. POWELL presented, from the Business Committee, Resolutions, No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10.

The President, SAMUEL J. MAY, said—You have, in the resolutions, the doctrines which we shall discuss during the sessions of this Convention; we want you to think of them, and, if they are true, endorse them; and if they are not, help us to find out the error. Surely there are none more earnest than we to know the truth. For twenty-five years we have laboured to gain for the coloured man all the rights which we wish for ourselves; and we have seen verified the saying that "those who stand willingly by and see the chain fastened about the limbs of their brother will have the other end fastened about their own necks." We have lost time yielding one thing after another to the Slave Power, but we must now arise and cast off the yoke which has been fastened upon us, even if with it the Union must go; liberty for all is more desirable than the blessings which the Union has afforded. Our mission is to proclaim liberty for all, and we challenge you to refute our arguments.

WENDELL PHILLIPS next addressed the Convention. He was glad that Mr. May adverted to the fact, that you will hear from this platform the extreme doctrines. The great benefit of these Conventions is that we are unfettered by circumstances. We come for the purpose of uttering the truth, the whole truth, without regard to practical consequences. We are assembled in the hot-house of politics, Albany, and what do we expect to do? We expect to reach and to influence public opinion. We make mistakes in talking about slavery—white men say "the blacks need to be freed; if Anglo-Saxon, they would have cut their masters' throats and been free." This is not so. Freedom never gained by the sword but once—St. Domingo. Slavery must be driven out by the various means by which society is elevated. It has never been abolished by direct politics; we must come back to the English patent right—agitation. In discussing the right or wrong according to the Constitution, the great central wrong has no weight. I see the Railroad King (Mr. Corning), in Congress, and I am ready to prophesy that he will vote for the Lecompton Constitution, because he is pledged to his private interests. Money and Administration coöperate. We need not try to convert the half hearts of such men, but must put our hope in the masses, by awakening a moral purpose among the people. The slave trade has never been abolished, except upon the statute books, because of the absence of an executive principle. This is but one Southern test, to see how much the North will bear.

The use of such gatherings as these is to make up a Northern conscience. It is a thankless work, long and slow, but it must be done; we need agitation like this.

MR. HUTCHINS, member of the Legislature, from Orleans County, could not believe that the slave trade had ever been really abolished. He thought it so much to the interest of the slave-raising States to abolish the traffic that, therefore, the foreign importation would have been prohibited.

MR. WELLS, of Troy, stated that a few years ago he visited the South, in the study of the origin of the races. He found there blacks not more than forty years of age, who retained the African dialect, and other characteristics of the natives, and who must have come from Africa after they were old enough to have gained considerable knowledge.

MR. PHILLIPS—It is very easy to introduce two or three hundred slaves on the plantations near the Gulf, without the knowledge of government. It is an axiom in Europe that when duties rise, smuggling commences. So has been and is the slave trade continually carried on.

Mr. P. referred to Haytian abolition. We are a narrow-minded people to judge the African race by two hundred years. He was about to speak of the necessary vassalage of our politics to slavery. This is an age of capital, and slavery represents a capital $2,000,000,000; therefore capitalists sympathize with slavery. It represents the worst kind of aristocracy. Politics cannot begin to remove slavery—only by an agitation deep as the human mind, broad as the masses, can it be overthrown. Outside of such politics, we need such meetings as this to arraign every party, and every man, no matter what his past services. I like the outspoken acknowledgment of the South, that she likes the Union very well, but is ready to dissolve it whenever it interferes with her interest. We want to establish the principle that we like the Union very well, but that it is a means, and that we like better the liberty which it was meant to preserve. Compromise is the American Devil. The anti-slavery enterprise is but a determination no longer to compromise. A part was sacrificed to save the Union, and finally the whole territories are opened to slavery. It would be impossible for slavery to be, and not be the Government; and that is the reason that it is fighting with all the energy of despair. We want to arouse the people to a religious conviction—that is the reason why we arraign the Church. Why, we are the Church. The forty thousand Churches which misrepresent Christianity are not the Church. We are willing to be the lumber out of which may be constructed the road over which the triumphant army shall march for the redemption of the slave.

Mr. Phillips's speech, of which this brief abstract will afford but a very imperfect idea, was listened to with deep interest, by a large delegation of members of the Legislature, and others, and was greeted with hearty applause. After brief remarks by MR. HUTCHINS and others, the Convention adjourned till 7 1-2 p. m.

EVENING SESSION.—The President in the chair.

The PRESIDENT said he would open the meeting by reading a letter from the pen of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, who was detained from the Convention by the state of his health. The letter, which was listened to with marked attention by a large and intelligent audience, is as follows:

BOSTON, March 6, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am sorely disappointed that the state of my health is such as to render it imprudent for me to attend the Convention at Albany; though, as you will have the powerful aid of Mr. Phillips, Mr. Remond, and other efficient speakers, my absence will be of very little consequence.

If I were present with you, I might feel disposed to say, among other utterances—

"O, citizens of the Empire State! what power of speech can stir your blood, what trumpet-tone summon you to action, in the most perilous crisis the nation has known since the days of your revolutionary fathers? Are not the skies crowded with fiery portents? Does not the earth quake beneath your feet? Is not the blackness of darkness gathering over the land, the precursor of a storm of divine retribution, before which your mightiest bulwarks of defence shall be as chaff before the whirlwind? Is this a time for the indulgence of party strife, or sectarian rivalry, or foolish prejudice, or venal selfishness? Is it a time to mock at justice, to hinder the proclamation of truth, to decry virtue, to bow submissively to high handed usurpation, to inaugurate the reign of terror? What and where are your own liberties? Are they more real than the spectres of a distempered imagination? You are Americans, forsooth! Over your heads proudly floats the star-spangled banner! Your country spreads from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific! Yet, who, among your swarming millions, can exercise freedom of speech or of the press in all the South, in reprobation of its horrible system, without being compelled to accept the alternative of banishment or death? In this particular, and to this extent, wherein do you differ from the subjugated masses in Russia, Austria, Italy, Naples, France? But what right have you to complain of this? As you sow, shall you not also reap? Have you not wickedly assisted to bind the galling fetters of slavery upon the limbs of four millions of your countrymen, by religious and political complicity with their remorseless oppressors? by constitutional compromises and governmental arrangements? by complexional proscription and deliberate agreement? by ridiculing the doctrine of inalienable human rights, as applied to those whose skins are not coloured like your own, and branding as visionaries and fanatics those who demand, in the name of the living God, the instant emancipation of all who are pining in bondage?

"O, people of New York! wide are the boundaries of your State, embracing a whole empire! Why is it that you allow the poor trembling fugitive slave, who flies to your soil for refuge, to be hunted with impunity like a wild beast, and captured and returned to stripes and torture? Why do your knees smite together, and your hands become palsied, in the presence of the slave-hunter or his loathsome representative? Is it because it is so written in the bond? Is it because this is a part of the price which your fathers paid to secure the existing union between the North and South? Is this your justification? What, then, is such a compact but 'a covenant with death'? What is it if it be not 'an agreement with hell'? Are you so blind as not to perceive, so infatuated as not to understand, that 'when judgment is laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, the hail shall sweep away your refuge of lies, and the waters overflow the hiding place; and your covenant with death shall be annulled; and your agreement with hell shall not stand; and that when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it'? Of what avail will be your temple-worship, your sabbatical observance, your religious rites and offerings, your missionary efforts abroad, your proselyting spirit at home? While you are preying upon the outcast and the oppressed, is your praying to God anything better than a solemn mockery? Do you not know that you cannot strike hands with thieves, nor consent with adulterers, without participating in the guilt, the shame, and the retribution?

"To what else are you giving your consent, whereby your hands are made red with innocent blood? Do you not concede to the three hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders at the South the right to represent three-fifths of four millions of slaves in Congress, for the exclusive benefit of a liberty-hating slave oligarchy, and to render hopeless the deliverance of those captive millions? Was there ever a worse conspiracy against justice and the rights of man than this?

"But this is not all. What if the slaves at the South, goaded to desperation, and inspired by the irrepressible spirit of freedom, should rise in arms, as did your revolutionary sires, and seek to win their liberty through blood? What if you should be summoned, by the President of the United States, in such an emergency, to shoulder your muskets and buckle on your knapsacks, and march to the South for the purpose of reducing those heroic insurgents again to chattel servitude? In that case, you would obey! Your plea would be, 'It is so written in the bond! The Union, it must and shall be preserved'!

"And for all these things, shall not a righteous God bring you into judgment?

"By all that is precious in the blood of Christ—by all that is sacred in 'the glorious gospel of the blessed God'—by all the holy commands and binding precepts of a pure religion—by every consideration of justice, honour, humanity, self-respect, and self-preservation—by reverence for the higher law of God, and unfaltering faith in a stern adherence to principle, as the highest expediency and the wisest policy—cease to give any countenance or aid to the traffickers in slaves and the souls of men, make the Empire State free to every bondman who shall plant his weary feet upon its soil, dissolve the hateful ties which connect him with the South, and on your banner inscribe the glorious motto, '*No Union with Slaveholders!*'"

Yours, for universal freedom,
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY.

The resolutions, previously introduced, were again read at this time, after which the PRESIDENT expressed the hope that any who might dissent would not hesitate to speak their thought.

C. L. REMOND shared in the feeling which prompted the invitation to those who dissented from the resolutions to give utterance to their objections. He hoped none would go away, and after the representatives of the Society, under whose auspices the Convention was held, had travelled many miles, become eloquent in their adverse sentiments, but give their thoughts now.

As no one desired to speak, MR. REMOND said—One year has elapsed since our last Convention here, and the large number present assures me that others were impressed as I was at that time. I then endeavoured to show that no class of people are exempt from responsibility in the matter of slavery, and the facts of the past year have gone to prove it. The Rev. Theodore Parker referred to me, in a recent meeting in Boston, at which we were both present, as a representative of the African race, but I hold that I represent every man, and that every man represents me; that the hand of slavery is upon every white man, as well as upon the humblest black, and therefore that all are interested. No matter whether the slave be educated or not, I demand, before God, that he have his freedom only on the ground of his manhood.

Mr. R. referred to the humiliating fact that no one can safely live or travel south of Mason and Dixon's line and be known as a friend of impartial liberty. He also cited cases of gross insult to Northern men of distinguished position and extended influence, which are received with quiet submission and are yet unrebuked. Such are some of the fruits of the unholy alliance with and perpetuation of slavery. Mr. R.'s speech, though brief, was in his usual eloquent and stirring manner.

WENDELL PHILLIPS then addressed the Convention. He commenced by paying a well-merited, just and most eloquent tribute to the memory of WILLIAM H. TOPP. He spoke of him as a model for all coloured men, in his fidelity and perseverance in advocating the rights of his fellow-men; his interest in all questions relating to progress; his business capacity, and his honourable success; and the excellence of his private life. Mr. Phillips then continued, for an hour and a half, in a speech which we will not attempt to report, or even to present an abstract of: suffice it to say that it was one of his ablest and most eloquent efforts, to which nothing short of a verbatim report could do anything like justice, and that it was listened to by a large, intelligent and very attentive audience; and though it was most ultra and uncompromising in its character, it was received with strong and hearty demonstrations of approval. At a late hour the Convention adjourned till Tuesday, 10 1-2 o'clock a. m.

TUESDAY, March 9th, MORNING SESSION.—The President in the chair.

After a brief silence, Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY opened the exercises by a deeply impressive prayer.

AARON M. POWELL, from the Business Committee, presented resolution No. 1 of the series, on the religious aspects of the cause; also the resolution referring to the death of WILLIAM H. TOPP.

LYDIA MOTT, Vice-President, in the chair.

SAMUEL J. MAY wished to make a few remarks on both resolutions; and on the last, first; the *last, first.* How full of meaning those words! Dr. Channing believed that in the future the highest type of heroism would be found among the descendants of the oppressed. The most exalted excellence I have found among the coloured people. Mr. May here related several deeply interesting anecdotes, in the line of his own personal experience, as a friend of the coloured people—examples of the most sublime exhibitions of human nature, under the severest tests of affliction and persecution. We who belong to what is called the white race can have no conception of the persecutions and cruel disabilities to which an aspiring coloured man is continually subjected. We who can vote cannot realize the cruelty of its denial. In this State there remains yet a most shameful disability. Most manfully did our brother, WM. H. TOPP, grapple with these wrongs, both in public and private. And how did he rise, winning confidence and esteem in this community! He was one of the first to espouse the anti-slavery cause; also was one of the earliest to entertain another cause, attended with nearly as much obloquy—the Woman's Rights question—and, as evidence of his just appreciation of the latter, has left behind him, I am informed, a most noble example, in the disposition of his affairs. Let us ever bring some tribute to his memory, as we shall from time to time assemble here on occasions similar to this.

Now, a few words in regard to the other resolution. I am a Unitarian minister, and some may think I am prompted by sectarian feelings in my remarks upon the delinquent course of the clergy, and the different denominations, but with shame and confusion of face I acknowledge that there are Unitarian ministers who have withheld their labours from the anti-slavery enterprise, and I can be last in forgiving them because of their professed higher estimate of the sacredness of human nature. Who can doubt that if the Churches had exerted their power for the right, long ere this the slave system, with its iniquities, would have been overthrown? I need not stop to prove the assertion of many, even Orthodox people, that the Church is the bulwark of American slavery. I know the reproach, the name of infidel, that has been fastened upon us, but the name is nothing, when undeserved. If in being faithful we must expose the Churches, so be it; and if for this we are to be denominated infidel, we welcome the name.

CHARLES L. REMOND said he could subscribe to the remarks of Mr. May. He wished to call attention to the interest which at this hour is being manifested in the Revivals, the "Great Awakening." There may be, as is said, the hand of God in the late financial crisis, but I cannot see it. All these Churches maintain the strictest silence in regard to the evil of evils. A religion which can be indifferent to the system of slavery is not to be trusted. I have not the solemnity which characterizes the feelings of some in regard to the American Church and clergy. I believe they are among the greatest of hypocrites and liars. I have lost all respect for them, and I will treat, write and speak of them accordingly. Where are the ministers of Albany who have spoken against this system? In my own town two excellent men, THOMAS T. STONE and the Rev. Mr. FROTHINGHAM, have been elbowed out of their pulpits in consequence of their anti-slavery efforts, and numerous have been such instances elsewhere. The subject has already been taken up by the Theatres, and yet the Church is dead.

AARON M. POWELL said, if there is a real "awakening" to the truth, we may expect good to come of it, and to have additional aid in carrying on the anti-slavery cause. I have yet to learn that the slave is remembered by the awakened revivalists; rather the tendency is to forget, in the fervour of the hour, to "remember those in bonds." Monstrous and wicked as have been the deeds and the aggressions of the Slave Power, in the past, such have been the relations of the popular Church thereto that through its agency, more than any other, the masses of the people have been kept quiet and pacified, while schemes of the greatest villany, and full of injustice, have triumphed. So it is now, while deep in the hearts of the masses there is evidently a strong undercurrent in favour of freedom, there are schemes entertained and preparations on foot for a revival of the slave trade, and the spread of slavery into dominions not now cursed with its hated presence. More bold and aggressive than ever before are now the designs of the slave oligarchy. The people are to be prepared for the consummation of those designs. I shall be prepared to witness, as a fit ending of this great "Revival," the most startling strides of the American Slave Power. I fear that the present general excitement is a kind of religious laudanum, which, as it is dealt out by the Doctors of most of the forty thousand pulpits, shall serve to deaden the already benumbed sensibilities of the people, so far as that oppression may still go on in its triumphal march.

Adjourned till 2 1-2 o'clock p. m.

AFTERNOON SESSION.—The President in the chair.

The resolutions previously introduced were again read, and additional resolutions, referring to the policy of the American Tract Society, the "Revival" in progress, and the responsibilities of the Church for slavery, were presented to the Convention from the Business Committee.

The PRESIDENT asked, were the remarks made this morning too severe? Let those who would answer yes place themselves in the position of the slave. What must an intelligent slave think of the religion of this country? What the slave thinks, we must think, and what we *think* we will SPEAK, and we challenge your criticism. What ought the religion to do, if not to break down this system of oppression? Would it not proclaim against piracy, and how much worse is slavery. What is the difference, morally, between the African and the American slave trade?

We have no personal animosity against the religious denominations referred to in the resolutions, but we say that their sympathies are misdirected.

A GENTLEMAN in the audience expressed his conviction that the Churches had signally failed to discharge their duty in regard to slavery.

AARON M. POWELL—Since my earliest interest in this cause, I have believed that the only reliable source from which we may expect truly effective aid in our work is from the development of a sincerely religious conviction in the hearts and understandings of the people. But true religion is powerless as an abstract idea; and is strong only as it is embodied in a practical application to human affairs. We need first a deeply religious conviction of the utter sinfulness of slavery. Unfortunately we are too apt to forget our own individuality, and in affairs of religion and government we accept, in action, the position of the Church, or the party, instead of living in accordance with our personal convictions of duty and the right. If the Church adopts an anti-slavery resolution or the minister prays for the slave, it is thought by pastor and congregation that they are therefore excused from a more active participation in the struggles of the anti-slavery enterprise. The mother who had lost her child in the hands of the kidnapper might desire the prayers of yonder Union Prayer-Meeting, but would be illy satisfied with the prayers unless accompanied by a corresponding effort, such as would restore to her embrace her little one. Mr. P. then referred to the extent to which all the larger denominations are involved in the guilt of slavery. And members, in good standing, in almost all Churches, were in political alliance with the "sum of all villanies." Remember your personal responsibility, and refuse to be a party to a Church or Government which does not maintain the position of active, outspoken antagonism to the accursed institution.

The PRESIDENT said, religious sensibility is one thing—religious character another. We desire to see a revival of true Christian principle in the bosom of every man and woman. Let us remember that the Christian religion is distinguished from others by the lesson it teaches of regard for our fellow-men.

CHARLES L. REMOND spoke of the incontrovertible character of the doctrines taught on the anti-slavery platform—hence few who differ from us improve the opportunity which is offered them to express in our meetings that difference of opinion. If there are such present who desire to speak, let them be heard now.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, as none desired to speak, said, it was clearly shown last evening by Mr. Remond that slavery is not confined to the four millions of chattel slaves, but that all classes are affected by its blighting influence. It was not a coloured skin alone that fixed the destiny of the slave. A white complexion is no protection against the awful doom of slavery if it can be shown that its possessor was born of a slave mother.

Miss A. illustrated by several touching incidents the cruel and unhappy workings of slavery among the intelligent white victims thereof. She said it is not because of their incapacity, or their satisfaction with their lot, that they are enslaved. It is not the imbecile three hundred and forty-seven thousand slave-owners who retain authority over four millions of slaves. There is a power outside of them which keeps this mighty nation in chains. Let that power, vested in the United States Government, and endorsed by the popular religious sentiment of the country, be withdrawn, and slavery will speedily come to an end.

Adjourned till 7 1-2 o'clock p. m.

EVENING SESSION.—The President in the chair.

All the resolutions from the Business Committee were read, for the last time, by the President, and are as follows:

1. Resolved, That American Slavery, the system of property in man, attended with all the most shocking and aggravated characteristics of villany and crime, which still exists with undiminished influence, and extends its rigorous dominion not only over the original slave States, but is continually seeking for and grasping new and virgin territory for its vile prostitution and despoiling; and which baffles every attempt at restraint, ought to be immediately and unconditionally abolished.

2. Resolved, That it is among the cheering signs of the times, and indicative of a growing revolutionary sentiment at the North, that the time has gone by for any man, claiming to be guided by the principles of justice and humanity, to come forward on the Anti-Slavery platform and attempt to defend the Constitution of the United States as it has always been understood, interpreted and enforced, in regard to the slaveholding compromises; thus virtually admitting it to be incapable of justification, and therefore undeserving of respect or countenance.

3. Resolved, That, under the Constitution, the attempt to reconcile the spirit of liberty with that of slavery—free institutions with slave institutions—free labour with slave labour—free speech with fettered tongue—is worthy of the inmates of a mad-house—wild, guilty, impossible; and to persist in making it is an outrage on common sense, and high treason to the cause of freedom universally.

Whereas, by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dred Scott case, the monstrous doctrine has been laid down, that the coloured citizens of New York (as well as every other State in the Union) are not citizens of the United States, and may not seek redress of injuries in any of its Courts, and to that extent have "no rights that white men are bound to respect"—a decision in open contempt and flagrant disregard of the 2d section of Art. IV. of the Constitution of the United States, and not only subversive of the rights and liberties of the particular class proscribed, but in the highest degree insulting to all the people, and utterly destructive of State rights, therefore,

4. Resolved, That it is the imperative duty of the Legislature now in session to denounce as unconstitutional, tyrannical and insupportable, the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott case aforesaid, and to resist it to the same extent as though all the citizens of the State had been judicially declared not to be citizens of the United States; and that anything short of this will be perfidy to our coloured fellow-citizens, slavish subjection to high-handed usurpation, and the extinction of the sovereignty of the State.

5. Resolved, That if this oppressive and atrocious decision be not speedily reversed, it alone will fully justify New York in seceding from the Federal Union, as no longer included therein by the original terms of the compact, and that she ought to secede at all hazards; otherwise, her claim of sovereignty becomes a mockery, and she has no right to demand allegiance of the class whom she is not willing to protect.

6. Resolved, That the Supreme Court of the United States, in all matters pertaining to slavery, is the ally of the Slave Power, and the deadly foe of Liberty; and, constituted as it is of those who are either slaveholders or the zealous accomplices of slaveholders, nothing but outrage and usurpation can be expected of it, to whatever extent the South may demand.

7. Resolved, That in the Democratic party of this country we see powerfully concentrated the demagogueism and depravity of the North, in conjunction with the ruffianism and villany of the South, for the one overmastering purpose of strengthening, extending and perpetuating the bloody and soul-imbruting system of slavery, and overthrowing all the free institutions of the country—a party which, with the boldest audacity and the most shameless profligacy, makes use of a noble term and a sublime idea, DEMOCRACY, as a veil behind which to perpetuate the most shocking outrages upon humanity, the blackest acts of perfidy, and the most diabolical atrocities—a party whose appropriate symbols are the slave fetter, the yoke, the whip, the branding-iron, and the bloodhound, and whose guiding spirit is thoroughly infernal.

8. Resolved, That while, in the Republican party, we see, in many cases, an honest and sincere sympathy with the oppressed, and a desire to break their fetters, still its aim is simply geographical, its policy a shifting sand-bar, its spirit weak and cowardly, its course downward, its issue impotent against the designs of the Slave Power, and its awful responsibility through its allegiance to the Constitution, with reference to the four millions of fettered slaves at the South, and through its support of the blood-stained Union, as exactly equal to that of the Democratic party.

9. Resolved, That there is but one great, vital, all-comprehensive issue to be pressed upon the understanding and consciences of the people of the North: and that is, "No Union with slaveholders, religiously or politically."

10. Resolved, That by the late death of our true and faithful coadjutor, WILLIAM H. TOPP, has been removed from our sphere of labour one who was distinguished for his fidelity to the cause of the enslaved, not less than for his devoted and untiring effort, in public and private, in behalf of the persecuted, proscribed coloured man; his education, social culture and political enfranchisement; one who was widely known through his business relations, and philanthropic labours, and as universally respected and esteemed; who was largely endowed with native refinement, and a sense of gentlemanly propriety, who was unassuming, but noble and dignified; whose spirit was strongly religious and devotional, yet catholic and liberal; and one whose life of usefulness and excellence must ever serve as an incentive and a model to all who have come within the sphere of his influence.

11. Resolved, That while we believe true religion does not, cannot sanction or apologize for slavery, but is ever, when applied, a most powerful weapon for its overthrow and destruction, we regard the popular religious denominations of this country, which are either actually engaged in buying, selling or holding slaves, or are in ecclesiastical and political alliance with the system, as eminently guilty of the sin of oppression; their religion as infamous and satanic in its character, with which we should have no fellowship, but come out from it, and be not partakers of its iniquity.

12. Resolved, That the conduct of the Managers of the American Tract Society, to the support of which most of the popular sects contribute, fully justifies the foregoing condemnation of the popular religion of our country. It is a signal illustration of the heartlessness, and infidelity, and unchristian spirit of those ministers and ecclesiastical organizations which control and direct the theological opinions and religious sensibilities of the people.

13. Resolved, That while no persons could desire more than we do, to see a general revival of true religion in our country (for without that the great object for which we have been toiling for many years can never be attained), we distrust the present vaunted movement denominated *a great revival.* It seems to have been started and hitherto directed mainly by those ministers who have never been the fellow-labourers of Him who "came to break every yoke and set the captive free."

14. Resolved, That then, and then only, shall we believe there is a true revival of religion in our midst when we see the people waking up to a deep consciousness of the sin of slavery and of the deadening influence that it has exerted upon our churches and ecclesiastical organizations, when we see them trembling in view of the gigantic iniquity of our country, and crying, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved" from the awful consequences of this sin, personal and national?

15. Resolved, That there is a fearful significance in the almost simultaneous revival of the African Slave Trade and the so-called revival of religion. This coincidence will, at least, make the religious revivalists of our country all the more inexcusable if they forbear any longer to "remember those who are in bonds, as bound with them," and, bearing in mind the second great command of Christ, if they do not set about to exterminate from our country that system of oppression of which the slave trade is an indispensable part.

The PRESIDENT briefly commented upon the series of resolutions, and then introduced Rev. A. D. MAYO, who spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF REV. A. D. MAYO.

MR. PRESIDENT: I am neither a platform speaker nor a member of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But I have attended your meetings for the last two days and have been interested, instructed, and deeply moved, as I always am at such gatherings. I rejoice that you have been respectfully and thoughtfully heard in this city. You claim the largest freedom of assertion. We who listen to you are free men and women. And the latitude you assume in criticising American society, we shall certainly assume in dealing with your arguments. I am glad there is one spot in New York where all men and women are invited to "free their minds" on the greatest subject of American popular interest. You will not think the people of Albany are indifferent if they do not controvert you on this platform; for platform controversy is one of the most fallacious tests of truth. You will be most honoured by the honest thought of every hearer who listens to your words; I believe you will be answered by the awakening of more than one mind to the importance of this theme; by action for freedom, which is better than the matchless eloquence enlisted in your cause. I feel you have done good in this city; much more good than harm; would that we could say this of every Convention or Legislature that assembles in this place. You have done me good. I have listened to the theory of government expounded by Messrs. Garrison and Phillips for the last twelve years, and am farther from adopting it now than ever. But I listen with increasing interest and respect every year to these great men, and every year their invincible love of liberty commands my warmer admiration. Mr. President, men who have waged a war of twenty-five years against American slavery have a right to look into the face of the people of the United States and tell them what they believe. Theories of society die; a thousand new ones are born and perish every century; but men endure, and some future age of this Republic, looking back to this time, will behold these men and others like them, and do them honour for the pure and free and fearless souls they were; Isaiah's theory of Jewish politics is lost; Isaiah the Prophet lives in every Christian home. Plato's book on the Ideal Republic has not been read by twenty men in the United States, but Plato the Thinker lives in every school child's brain. Every great and good man has his pet theory of perfect society. God uses the world and guides the world's affairs according to his own eternal plan. Posterity will not ask which man in the nineteenth century thought the most acutely on American society; but which man, among the 30,000,000 of Americans, hated despotism worst and loved liberty best. God bless the few who, in a time like this, are found forever faithful to man.

What are the signs of the times? How goes the battle between Barbarism and Civilization in America? What portents discourage us? What good omens cheer us? Bear with me while I draw the picture of the times as seen from the point of my observation and experience.

The watchman answers, *the morning cometh*, and also *the night.* Two gigantic American tendencies loom up before our vision and on their conflict the destiny of our continent depends.

"*The night cometh*"; yea, the night of barbarism has always been here. It is the barbarism we fight in slavery. Barbarism is contempt for man. It is here in Albany, in dishonesty, sensuality, in ignorance, in tyranny, in every form of vice and crime that walks the streets unpunished or hides from open day. It is all over the North, in some places denser, in others less shocking. But in our Southern States all this barbarism comes to a head, and is called the peculiar institution of slavery. Every vice and crime and folly which civilized men abominate in America is concentrated in this one institution of slavery, which commits all conceivable crimes in one, when it declares that man is not man. This barbarism is our night.

That night cometh. It was always here, but still it cometh. In 1620 a Dutch vessel landed twenty negroes at Jamestown, who were sold for slaves. In 170 years that cargo had increased to more than half a million bondmen, and that cloud involved thirteen great States. Affairs go on, and in 1858 we have 4,000,000 of bondmen, more than all the inhabitants of the original colonies. We have now fifteen slave States, covering 850,000 square miles. These fifteen States, by their unity of interest and concentration of purpose, have controlled the government for sixty years. That government has declared 1,472 000 square miles of territory slave ground. And according to law, freedom exists now only in sixteen free States, or 613,000 square miles of territory, while slavery is nominally allowed over 2,400,000 square miles, with the assurance that all new territory acquired is slave territory. In a few weeks, Mr. Charles O'Connor (a man representing a race oppressed for ages) will come up to Albany to argue before the Court of Appeals the right of a master to take and hold a slave in a free State, while on a journey or visit thereto. Our Court will not dare to give the slaveholder that right. The Supreme Court at Washington will reverse their decision, and then slavery will virtually be reëstablished in the sixteen free States. The slave trade already exists and boasts of its impunity. Ten years more of such legislation as has prevailed at Washington for the last forty years makes of these United States a slave empire. *The night cometh.*

But the morning cometh also. While Slavery has increased, Freedom also has grown. First we had no free State. Now we have sixteen; and the one in which we live has more inhabitants than fought our Revolution. We have 613,000 square miles of territory devoted to free labour. Three mighty free States are knocking at the door of Congress for admittance. If James Buchanan puts his shoulder against it, and says they shall not come in, they will kick in the door, and God help James Buchanan then. Then we have 18,000,000 of people in free labour States—a majority in numbers, culture, wealth, power. These 18,000,000 have not cared for politics hitherto; have let the Slave Power manage for us, thinking any time would be well enough to checkmate despotism. But every day we are coming to see what lies before us. Already a mighty impulse has arisen against barbarism. An opposition against slavery has been organized in these sixteen free States, more powerful than was ever arrayed against any despotic government by its subjects. Let me recount the elements of that opposition to barbarism. Let me review the force of civilization.

1. The religious conviction of an increasing number of the Northern people. One man who believes slavery a sin and devotes his life to its destruction is stronger than a State full of men who have no religious convictions on the theme. In every town and neighbourhood you find a very few who will not cease to cry out against this sin. They are increasing in number, power, influence. They are the soul of the civilization of America. This Anti-Slavery Society has many of these men; it has not all; not the majority; but such as it has are tried in the fire; any one of them equal to the ten men that would have saved Sodom. This religious conviction is irresistible. No man, no nation can stand before it.

2. We have the Northern Church, bad enough in many respects, but the *best Church in the world*, the freest, the most enterprising, the most practical and moral. It is waking up against slavery and barbarism. The three greatest Protestant sects are already divided North and South. Every great ecclesiastical body, every charitable society, every religious association is creating a Mason and Dixon's line. Of all questions in the Church, the masses are chiefly interested in slavery. Everybody is awake when the parson preaches on it. The tallest heads in the pulpits—Parker, Beecher, Chapin, Cheever—are men who preach most for freedom. Mr. President, no Church was ever Christian, or will be for centuries. The best any Church has ever done is to graduate a few Christians. The Northern Church to-day is graduating Christians faster than any Church ever did. This influence is growing. The Church is getting headed right.

3. Then Education in the North is on the side of freedom. The people in the United States in 1856 voted for freedom just in proportion to their intelligence. Drawing a line along the southern boundary of Connecticut, across to the Rocky Mountains, the people north of that line voted for freedom. Everybody knows which side of that line the education of the country lies. In every Northern State the Common School, the Lyceum, the newspaper, the convention is established. No great name in American Literature is openly for slavery. The best literature of the world is behind our best literature for freedom. The light is breaking and must prevail.

4. The best native Art of America is for freedom. It is well known that government [illegible] Northe artists. Any Southerner who can model clay i the semblance of man can get a job at Washingt It is right. Our Northern artists are striking out bolder vein, in nobler inspirations for man. Look Palmer's Landing of the Pilgrims. That noble w is a prophecy of Northern art for the next century. T only theatre to which the religious public does not o is that in which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is played. Eve body goes there; white cravats are as plenty as blackb ries in August there. The new Art of the day is w with civilization.

5. Then society in the North is growing free. T time has past when the term "Southerner" is suppo to indicate fine manners. In every village in the No there are young men and women gaining a better st of refinement than the South can show; a refinem based on respect for all men, not on the pride of ca Aristocracy of family is dying out: the aristocracy wealth is caving in.

6. Free Labour is a mighty force for freedom. free industry is coming to know itsel . The labourer deals a blow to slavery every time he str with hammer or spade. Every railroad civilizes new region. The greatest "shrieker for freedo is a railroad whistle. It is even shrieking down Egyptian Illinois, into Virginia, into Missouri. these great corporations will finally be the allies of dom. Mr. Erastus Corning knows as much about mak money as anybody in New York. I don't know how will vote on Lecompton, but he has the good sense invest largely in the "Emigrant Aid Society," an orga zation that has made Kansas a free State; whi make Virginia a free State; which is preparing to off slavery in Central America. He knows that, in twe years, the merchant that takes stock in the Emigrant Society will be most powerful on 'Change. One Yan schoolmaster, Eli Whitney, invented the cotton-gin. has perpetuated slavery one hundred years. Another Y kee schoolmaster, Eli Thayer, has organized an Emigr Aid Society, which will finally build a wall of free lab around Slavery and choke it to death. Free labo backed up and pushed on by the best religion and cult of the country, is the machine which is to demolish vile labour. Corrupt men may use that machine will, by and bye, use it, as he does all things we fa for freedom and civilization.

Then, finally, we have a form of government, the b on earth, because the easiest to use for freedom. T Constitution of the United States is a piece of prin paper; and on that paper no word slave can be f The fathers took care to leave that out, whatever put in. That Constitution contains a clause for its amendment. That Constitution is practically just w the majority of the people make it, but it is a pro-slav document because a pro-slavery government interp and administers it. The people of the North are prep ing to take possession of the government and interpret Constitution in favour of freedom; and it can be so terpreted, without violating a word in it, that it w slavery in jail till it dies of starvation. The North people will do just what every other free people h done; use every right they have. Get the gove ment in their hands, interpret it for freedom, hang every Southern traitor with his native hemp would dissolve the Union by war. Mr. Phillips think it wrong to vote; I may not believe in han ing anybody. The masses of the North are Ang Saxons, sons of the people who cut off the head Charles the First and gained American Independence race that always takes the practical, constitution to liberty, and annihilates every man or institution stends across its way. We may talk of what we che here; they intend to do this thing; and I feel very mu like helping them do it. They intend that Freedom sha get possession of the Northern State governments possess the United States Government; and then patronage, which is now the Devil's seed-time, at wh little knot of despots start up in every village, wi come Freedom's seed-time, at which, in every vill North, South, East, West, freemen will start up power. Any Court that man has made has been ready eat its own words when the people told it to. A Justice will yet sit in Washington that will do for Justice Taney what Lord Campbell has done for J Jeffreys. See how fast this free party grew. When was a boy, a few thousand people were voting for Jam G. Birney. My first vote was cast for John P. Hale, large body of men voted for him. In 1856, eleven Sta voted to exclude slavery from the Territories. Alm 40 per cent. of the party that always sustains the is split off in the five Northern States that voted for chanan. In 1860 we shall see such a host as never w yet seen in America voting for freedom—perhaps und some new name. And one administration can pract annihilate all the gain of slavery in the last forty ye I am not a politician, but I cannot shut my eyes to signs of the times. The North proposes to take poss sion of the Government of the United States. It taken possession of everything else in the United States it is now about to take its place and rule this gre Republic for the good of man.

This is the statement of the case. "The morni cometh and also the night." It is the old story of h We call ourselves a Republic, but we are practically en gaged in the same struggle that has convulsed ev nation since the world began—the struggle of the People against a Class. An aristocracy of 350,000 slaveholders with 6,000,000 retainers and 4,000,000 slaves, has posse sion of the Government and a great proportion of our territory. This aristocracy represents a feudal idea society; it is the representative of the middle age in America. Against it are arrayed 18,000,000 people; most intelligent, industrious, moral and progressive th ever met in one state. On the side of the oppressor is present power. On the side of the people are all the mighty agencies of modern civilization. Rarely has there been such a combination of despotism before; never wa such a host arrayed before for free institutions. I a not disposed to underrate the difficulty of the struggle I do know which will conquer. I don't know how long the fight will be, or how much of America will be sav for freedom; but of this I am sure—the worst traitor now the man that despairs. If ever men had reason hope, it is we. A few brave Greeks destroyed the em of Persia. Our barbarous Saxon ancestors tumbled power of imperial Rome in the dust. 3,000,000 of deter mined backwoodsmen severed America from the Bri empire. Has man lost his nature, has Saxon man his soul, that 29,000,000 should be beaten by 350,000 know of but one duty of every man. Theorize as you will, hope as much as you can; but, whatever you neglect be faithful to freedom. Let every man stand just where he is, take the opportunity God has given, and fire whole life with the love for liberty. Then, whether the mother sings her child to sleep with songs of freedom, or the schoolmaster influences the youth with heroic examples of the past; or the farmer tills his free soil; or the artisan drives a blade with a good will for humanity; the author writes for the people; or the artist carves or paints for man; then, whether Garrison thunders on the platform or Seward persuades in the Senate, then whether the few pray and prophesy or the millions vote through this involved and interlocked energy of a whole people, the work of God will be done, and man be free.

REMARKS OF AARON M. POWELL.

AARON M. POWELL next addressed the Convention. He said:

All who have listened to our friend (Mr. Mayo), who has just taken his seat, will, I am sure, with me, thank him for the address he has given us. I have listened to with deep interest, and with the major portion of its suggestions I most heartily agree. But during the short period that remains to us before the final adjournment the Convention, I wish to advert again briefly to the resolutions which are before us, and to some of the points our friend's address to which I cannot assent.

First, let it be distinctly remembered that we come here not as sovereigns, in full exercise of the rights and privileges of citizenship, but as identified with the slave. His lot is our lot, his disabilities are our disabilities. He is an outcast and outlaw; and we are, for conscience sake, without the pale of the institutions and influences which thus oppress him. We know that, whatever may be the verbal construction of the Constitution, by its execution the slave is kept prostrate in his chains, or is hunted throughout the broad dominions over which the "stars and stripes" float in authority.

With my friend, I see in the signs of the times some rays of light, some indications of an approaching morning, and I thank God for them, but from my stand-point of observation—that of the slave—the night of oppression is still over us, and is made hideous by the shrieks and groans of the enslaved, and the revellings and corruption of the oppressor. I cannot, if I would, fail to hear the cries of the perishing slave, which come continually to our ears, and are for help, *help*, HELP! I agree with him hat, at the ratio of progress which despotism, under the overnment, has made in the past, we shall, with ten years more of similar administration, have nominally and really, what indeed we now have really, a great Western Slave Empire.

In the Constitution, cited by our friend as one of the forces of freedom, I see the charter under which despot- ism in the past has been enabled to make its fearful nward progress, and which, if it be not speedily abro- gated, I fully believe will, as a dreaded result, fasten upon us an unqualified and absolute empire of slavery. His interpretation of the Constitution is not that of the masses, or of any large portion of the people. The great majority sincerely believe in the validity and the supremacy of the special provisions, usually referred to, tended to recognize and to apply to slavery. Slavery has been in the past and continues to be the favoured child of the Constitution, as interpreted and ratified by the people at large; and never before was the hated in- tution in a more flourishing and prosperous condition. has in the Congress now assembled at Washington, a pecial representation equal to the entire delegation from the State of Ohio. By the aid of that special dele- ation, slavery has gained the victory in every national ruggle in the past, is triumphant in the present, and continue to triumph in the future, until, ere the ten ears shall have passed by, every vestige of impartial eedom will have been swept away. We believe this onstitution to be fully committed to despotism, and that ntil it is entirely annulled there will be no hope of the ccess of a Republican experiment in this country.

With a person, or class of persons, who demand the bolition of slavery, and who sincerely interpret the Con- ution as anti-slavery, provided their action at the allot-box and elsewhere is in accordance therewith, while differ from them in judgment, I would have no contro- y, but would bid them God-speed in an honest en- avour to attain the same end for which I am striving. h persons are very few; such a party, if there be one existence, is very feeble in numbers and influence.

ur friend referred to the growth of the party for free- from James G. Birney's campaign to the present e. It is true the party cited as for freedom has ed in numbers, but it is as true that it has meanwhile dily thrown aside whatever of merit entitled it in beginning to respect, until now, as it stands be- the world, it has scarcely the semblance of virtue and is in no sense worthy of our confidence and co- ration as friends of impartial liberty. If our friend, vailing himself of the ballot-box, votes for men who ognise the Constitution, unqualifiedly as anti slavery, administration as well as theory, his vote will at any do no harm to the slave; but if, with his belief, he his ballot for a Fremont, a Seward, or perchance, in next campaign, a Douglas, men who, with their party, ly repudiate an anti-slavery interpretation of the tion, and also any political effort for the aboli- of slavery, what is it but rendering abortive, by his t, the best aspirations of his own heart, and, by mis- ted effort, contributing his political strength to the tuation rather than the overthrow of slavery. Such, , is the case with too large a proportion of those coincide in theory with our friend Mr. Mayo. Where he men to whom he referred as co-workers with Jas. rney? They may be found mainly in the support of. Republican party, a party that disavows well-nigh issue with slavery which James G. Birney and Liberty party entertained.

is the inevitable tendency of all political parties to erate in principle as they increase in numbers. the folly of looking to any political effort, under stitution tainted with compromise, as a reliable force vour of freedom. We believe that an attempt at rnment, such as we have witnessed, and may at pre- ee in this country, fostering and promoting the worst of barbarism, and a most formidable aristocracy, d be speedily brought to an end. By it the liberties l classes are suffering a continual abridgement. By who are the avowed friends of impartial freedom igorously banished from more than one-half the ter- y over which the jurisdiction of the United States itution extends. Already have a portion of our -citizens, of colored complexion, guilty of no , been declared outlaws, with no rights to be re- ed. The Lemmon case is soon to be argued in this ; and when it shall pass to judgment in the United Supreme Court, as it doubtless will, then will ry be virtually established by law in all the North- and nominally free States. Fearful judicial corrup- has fallen upon our times.

e believe that duty, the highest expediency, demands SSOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN UNION. We would New York cut loose from the Union; call home rs. Seward and King from the Senate; call home tus Corning, leave him to his railroad business, and t a better man to look after the interests of the Inde- endent sovereignty of the Empire State. Behold New to-day as the chief partner in a firm the main busi- of which is to fasten upon the whole country an late despotism. She is, by the terms of compact, more than any other State in the Union to hold in se four millions of chattel slaves, to maintain the er ruffian crusade against freedom in Kansas, and to back the Margaret Garners, with hundreds of escaped es, to the prison-house of bondage. I recognise in Constitution some features and provisions good in selves, but they are inoperative, and can be made of vail. Understood and executed as containing special antees in favour of slavery, which we believe is in rdance with its design, the elements of Art, Educa- , and other forces in favour of freedom, as spoken of ur friend, have, up to this time, proved impotent to ve, or even check the tide of slavery.

view of this condition of things, we believe the for revolution is at hand; that it is a sin to con- e in the partnership longer, that the eternal law of demands that it should be immediately and forever olved; and we are willing to trust the consequences od. But do you ask, "what will disunion do for the e?" I answer, that I believe it will put him in pos- ion of his freedom. It will at least remove the most idable obstacle in his way, the strong Northern arm, ch is now wielded against him. As one item of an ndance of similar testimony which I might give you others than Abolitionists, I will read the following the chief conservative journal in the service of the ublican cause, the New York *Times*, edited by Henry Raymond, late Lieutenant-Governor of New York. n article commenting on the complaint of the Rich- d (Va.) papers, in regard to the escape of fugitive s, and their threat of a dissolution of the Union on account, *The Times* says: "What would disunion, as ecific for the disorder under treatment, amount to? mer Jones complains of the fences between his and farm of Smith, his neighbour, because they are sadly of repair, and allow the cattle to pass over into far- Smith's woods. Would not the whole rural commu- rise up and call him mad if, in a fit of inconsiderate y, he were to level the defective portion of the fence? *s precisely what disunion will do for the Virginia negroes.* WILL DESTROY THE ONLY OBSTACLE TO THEIR FLIGHT. re will be no longer a wide hunting-ground, over ch they may be chased, to stretch hopelessly between and Canada. *The harbour of refuge will then be in y inlet of the Chesapeake*—an asylum wherever there is djoining mile of free soil. *In fact, the act which abo- the Union,* MUST ABOLISH SLAVERY immediately in ginia, and gradually in the States below her; and is ginia prepared for emancipation? Are her statesmen olitionists in disguise?"

et me, my friends, be Abolitionists without disguise, olve the Union, and thereby bring the "harbour of ge" for the fugitive to the "inlets of the Chesa- ke," "abolish slavery in Virginia," and as certainly he States below her.

ur friend cited as another force of freedom, the rch. In a limited sense it may be true, but I believe e who graduate as Christians, do so rather in spite of the rch, than by any essential aid derived therefrom. The e tendency to degenerate from the standard of high al excellence, exists in the organized Church, as in ties. And nowhere are the disastrous and fatal effects compromise more powerfully apparent than in the tment of the slavery question by the religious deno- ations of this country, of which we speak collectively, he American Church. Look at the first stride of the ve Power, and notice, that on each occasion, and at all es, the conservative religious influence put forth in junction therewith to quiet and paralyze the heart and science of the nation. I would not look always upon dark side of the picture, but were I in the slave's ition, with intelligence sufficient to understand this ation, I am sure, that while I should be thankful for ry prayer and aspiration for freedom, I should regard Church of this country rather as my enslaver than as rce in favour of universal liberty. We have just now a "great awakening" in the Church, but I am prepared to believe that it will beget a slumbering insensibility to the dangers and duties of the hour, on the part of the "awakened," rather than rouse them to action in discharge of their responsibilities towards the slave; and so render it practicable to again legalize the African slave trade, add Cuba and Central America to the Union, and to inaugurate slavery still more effectually upon the throne of the nation. But I would not be unmindful of the fact that there is a strong under-current of feeling in favour of freedom on the part of many in the Church, and I hope and trust that it will yet prove strong enough to withstand, and to throw off the influence, which, in the Church, is ever trying to put it out, and that it will then become indeed a vital force in favour of emancipation.

That one man, with a sincere conviction against slavery, is stronger than a thousand without it, I fully believe. Earnest, deeply religious individual men and women have been the chief agents, the moving power, in effecting the revolutions and reforms of the past. Such men and women we have in our land, and enlisted in the slave's cause. A great revolution is in progress. But the inclination on the part of many is to spare the Government and the Church in the hope of their reformation. Churches and Governments are never reformed. They sacrifice humanity for the preservation and prosperity of the organization. The noblest men and women we have cannot be kept within, or controlled by, the limits of partizan organizations in Church or State. Our friend, though he dissents from our doctrine of disunion, is, by his theory of government, and his interpretation of the Constitution, quite as much without the pale of the recognised government of this country, as ourselves. Brave, earnest and faithful as I know he is, I am glad of his word, spoken here to-night, though I cannot, to the same extent, rely upon the hopeful indications which he has noted for our observation.

What the future will unfold to us, God only knows; but this we do know that millions of our fellow-countrymen are this hour in chains, and that the pernicious influences of the accursed system surround us on every side. It is chiefly with the present that we have to do. I know that if the lot of the chattel slave had fallen to myself, "immediate emancipation" would be my first and strongest desire, my undoubted right. Making the case of the slave my own, I say away with the Union—Liberty is of God! As I understand the requirements of true religion, I am to think of those in bonds, and to act in their behalf, as though bound with them. That this is not statesmanlike doctrine, according to modern statesmanship, I am fully aware, but I submit to you, is it not founded in the truth?

If, then, with your own liberty at stake, you would not be loyal to a slaveholding government, I ask of you, in the name of the slave, to refuse allegiance to one which enslaves your brother. And remember that whatever may be the impulses of your heart, while you remain in the government as a part of it, you can give it little impetus in the right direction, and are adding strength to the arm of the oppressor. In some book of natural philosophy we have an account of a navigator, who thought to accelerate his speed, in the absence of a favourite breeze, by means of a huge pair of bellows placed upon the stern of his vessel, with which to fill its sails! The experiment, though he had blown away till this time, doubtless proved a failure. So must it be with every anti-slavery effort, personal or associated, made on board the ship of State, which carries for its chart and guide the United States Constitution. Outside the fated vessel, on the eternal rock of God's truth—the inherent right of all men to liberty—the Abolitionists have planted themselves. They have created a strong breeze of agitation, the ship of State is tossing about, from time to time, with a violence which alarms her managers. We hope and believe that ere long she will founder, and that among those who are to be saved, will be found the four millions of slaves. Our mission is to agitate, and it is a work to which all may in some degree contribute. We feel assured that in the end the right will triumph, slavery be abolished, and liberty prevail everywhere. But the work before us is still arduous. Let every one who has a heart to feel for the wrongs of others join steadfastly therein, remembering with Emerson that

"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

CHARLES L. REMOND made a brief concluding address. He spoke of the leading educational influences of the North as on the side of slavery rather than that of freedom. He could not feel the hope and encouragement expressed by Mr. Mayo. He believed that blood would yet have to flow liberally in this country before this question would be settled, but that the slave would yet be free.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY spoke of the need of funds and proceeded to take a collection.

The resolutions were all adopted.

Brief remarks were made by Mr. ANDREWS, DAVID BAKER, and others, when, at a late hour, with a concluding exhortation and benediction by the PRESIDENT, the Convention adjourned, *sine die*.

SAMUEL J. MAY, *President*.

JOSEPH W. PECKHAM,
ELIZABETH M. POWELL, } *Secretaries*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH.

[For The Standard.]

IN a beautiful village, somewhere in the South-West, there lived a famous belle; wealthy, beautiful and of a most heroic nature. She was an only child—spoiled by proud, fond parents; petted for her beauty, praised for her wit. She thus grew up, fancying herself a queen, and recklessly exerting her power over all who came within her influence.

Ellen Tapscott (for such was her name) had a wild, rank and luxuriant nature. Every word she uttered, every motion of her full, round form suggested the sunny latitude to which she belonged. She was a child of the sun, warm, passionate and impulsive; with a heart keenly alive to suffering, an eye ready to weep at every tale of woe, and a hand open in a moment to the call of charity. Brilliant and dashing in manner, fluent in speech, she won all hearts, most of which she swept beneath her feet or carried in her train as vassals.

I recall her now with a vivid flash of pleasure, as I have often seen her careering on horseback, mistress of the "ribbons," habited in green, with a jaunty cap and plumes adorning her proud-set head.

At parties she out-shone all the belles, in her lace and jewels. Her dancing was the admiration of all beholders. Indeed she did everything in a bold and dashing manner, sweeping admiration by a violent stroke, then sinking quietly down as a tired victor, until another demand was made upon her rapid action.

She talked much and well—was a very tulip in her riotous gorgeousness. Enjoying, as she did, the reputation of a coquette, gentlemen very naturally feared while they admired her. She had refused numberless offers of marriage, from the gray-haired judge on the bench to the feeless doctor and briefless attorney of the village; *all* had offered to the gay and brilliant belle.

No wonder this girl was spoiled; the only marvel was that she had not been utterly ruined. But there was a certain goodness of heart and generosity of soul which, however overlaid by pride, would, every now and then, peep out and astonish you by the loftiest of deeds. She has been known to rush out, on the spur of a fine impulse, into the street, drag the beggar to the parlour, give him bounteously from her purse—nay, oftentimes empty it into his ragged pockets. And when, as was sometimes the case, she was restricted by her father in her munificent charities, she has been known to pawn her jewels, old ancestral diamonds, heir-looms of the family, and, if remonstrated with, would coolly answer, "Human happiness is dearer to me than glittering baubles."

Her father, Col. Tapscott, was an eccentric man, violent in passion and knowing no limit to his temper. His will had been the sovereign rule of the town; he was a sort of Warwick, living in Baronial style, with his thirty slaves around him. Tales of his cruelty were rife in the community; but he never failed to make reparation for every injury he had done; for instance, if he struck a man to the ground, he was sure to be the first to raise him up, and, with one of his familiar oaths, declare it was an unmanly act. Widows and orphans blessed him for his timely charity, while the slaves loved him notwithstanding his readiness, when angry, to strike them down with sword, hatchet or any other deadly weapon he found near. By a common concession, his temper was judged an incurable infirmity, though handsomely offset by his liberality. His daughter was his idol, and she returned his affection, as her affluent and bounding nature might, with a love amounting to worship.

Mrs. Tapscott was a life-time invalid, never venturing a step beyond her chamber door; of a weak, nervous temperament, taking no interest in anything around her, and regarding Ellen much as she would a comet, whose brilliancy disturbed her somnolent quiet. Ellen would sometimes burst into the chamber, fling her arms around her mother, kiss her violently, much to the worthy invalid's annoyance, whose gentle remonstrance was as if she had said, "*Ellen, you are too intense.*" The servants loved Miss Ellen, though, like her father, she was often cruel to them, using her lady-white hands in many a violent blow upon their humble heads. Despotic and determined about the execution of any command, if thwarted, her temper would flash out in the fiercest and most resentful manner; but the storm was always sudden and brief, after which the sunshine of a noble heart shone all the warmer.

At the age of twenty, Ellen had never known a sorrow; her life had swept brilliantly on, her star mounting proudly up the zenith, while troops of admirers smiled upon her lightest act. She was empress in her own little world, when a sudden and violent grief fell upon her, like the quick descent of a December frost upon delicate summer flowers.

Col. Tapscott, in one of his violent and overbearing moods, made an assault upon a mechanic, who met him with all the fierce pride of awakened manhood, and that deep hatred which the poor and oppressed always feel for the haughty and the rich. The affray was fatal to the aristocrat, for he was felled to the earth by the strong arm of the mechanic. Col. Tapscott was taken home a bloody corpse; and, over his mangled form, Ellen wept her first tears of real sorrow. We may imagine how her violent nature would receive such a shock. After the first stunning effects, she rose up like a mad tigress wild for blood—for revenge! It was horrible to hear words such as she uttered fall from lips that seemed only formed for blessings. For hours she raved in the very insanity of grief; then came the deep, dark calm, the waters settled over her soul, and she grew severe in her cold, unspoken woe. Mrs. Tapscott was not strong enough to bear such a blow, and died in a week afterwards, but Ellen bore up like a martyr. After the first few hours, no living eye saw her shed a tear; she even went to the funeral, to the grave, and was calm as the coldest spectator. Only once, when the clods rattled heavily upon the coffin, her lips quivered, and a grayish whiteness settled around them, as they locked together in a determined silence.

All the consolations of society she refused—even the kindness of friends—and remained shut up in her solitary home, with only the household slaves around her. Such were the blighting effects of her grief that she refused admission to beggars, and forgot her wonted charity.

After various and ineffectual attempts, her friends ceased to annoy her with visits. The village became sad and dreary, for she who was once its light and life had withdrawn; and the places which had known her once so brightly knew her no more.

Society was beginning to settle itself into something like its wonted harmony when it was a little and pleasantly convulsed by the arrival of a stranger, a gentleman from New England, whom the unexpected freezing of our river detained among us. He was a striking looking personage, of tall, gaunt form, with a cold, determined face, that seemed to write its force upon your mind at one glance. His short-cut brown hair, crisping little whiskers and quick, steel blue eyes had a New England precision, very strange and note-worthy to our free, open Southerners.

At first they looked askance at him—dropping to one side and giving him the path, as if they dreaded to come in contact with such over-weening self-possession. They knew him to be a Northern man, bred in the traditions of Puritanism, and, they feared, rank in the peculiar morality of his section. But he could not be treated with insult, for there was that in his self-composed and collected manner which forbade it.

John Kilbourn—for such was the stranger's name—was a man of education and the highest literary culture. The son of a plain New England farmer, he was born without fortune, and had been bred to the ministry; but, not liking the pulpit, and being unfitted by a chronic bronchitis for public speaking, he was thrown upon his education for a means of support. He had left his home with a view to locating in some of the far Southern States, where Yankees generally "swap" their principles off for bread, but was detained at our village by the extreme cold weather.

Remaining at a hotel, with a scant purse, in a strange place, was an unprofitable business, and he determined to make the best of his ill luck, and try his fortunes in our village. Accordingly, he issued his school-prospectus, and began to look for patronage. A school was a blessing for which we had been sighing for a long time. The old Seminary stood in frightful ruin, and no morning bell called the lazy and truant children to their daily studies. The peace of the town had been so disturbed by the disorder of the children that everybody welcomed the new teacher with a hearty good-will, and never cared, as under other circumstances they would, to inquire of his principles and examine his books, to find out if he had imparted any of the incendiary doctrines of his native State.

Pretty soon the Seminary was put into thorough repair, so that it looked, externally, quite like a new building, while the interior gave evidence of luxurious comfort, being furnished with stove, carpets, desks, clock, &c., and a new and clear-toned bell that rang out its merry call twice a day.

In a very few weeks Mr. Kilbourn had created a perfect revolution in the children. From noisy, riotous cubs they became miniature men and women. Of course, the change struck the people with admiration. They began to look with profound respect upon the new-comer. He was invited to their houses and regaled upon the best that their larders and cellars could afford; and the more they knew of him, the more they admired. His learning was wonderful to them; soon he became their oracle and lawgiver. They relied upon his lightest word; and notwithstanding the social heights to which he had been elevated, there was no change in his quiet demeanour, as he received their kindness with the same cold urbanity. There was no ruffle of surprise in his lake-like eye, nor tremor in his voice, but he stood always the composed and severe gentleman. His chief delight seemed to be his school; there he was a lord, a king on his proper throne, and the children loved him dearly. They did not disobey his slightest order, and tried to render teaching as little trouble to him as possible, so entirely had he won their respect. The winter wore on, and the spring, the south-western spring, rich with flowers and vocal with songs of birds, came smiling over the earth; and then Mr. Kilbourn formed a Botany class, which, on Saturday, wandered over lonely woods in search of flowers and plants.

It was pleasant to see him, on a sunny day, seated upon an old log in the heart of the forest, with seventy children around him, while he was tearing to atoms the flowers and explaining the beauty and mystery of their winsome lives. In the evenings he took his class out, and taught them astronomy from the broad, star-lettered page of the sky. Thus the children forgot their games in the higher entertainment which he furnished them; so also his fine influence was visible in the development of their social natures. It was wonderful the power he acquired over them in the unfolding of their characters. Kindly encouraging their powers into a free and healthy development, he unfolded the good and true, and directed the wrong tendencies into a riper and healthier channel. Of course this increased his influence over the community at large, and he became a very "power in the state." Old and young men went to him for advice; he settled public and private difficulties; and wherever his ministrations were felt, there peace began to germinate.

During the winter months he established Lyceums, where literary subjects and the relations of free, individual life to ethical laws were fully discussed. Thus he kindly led many promising young men away from the gaming-table and bar-room. Mothers rose up to bless him, while his name was breathed with love and benediction from every lip, for he brought with him from his cold Northern home the sad, deep truths of Puritanism, to be engrafted upon our rank, gorgeous Southern tree of life.

As might have been expected, the ladies were fired with the highest admiration of him. But to their several attractions he returned a free and impartial gratitude, which, however, never went beyond a bow and a few constrained words when they met at evening parties; never allowing himself to be appropriated over a few moments by any particular one, and stealing quietly into the corner beside some wife and mother, with whom he discoursed of childhood and the safest way of developing it.

When he had been with us about four years, and was firmly established as "*the man*" of the town, Ellen Tapscott began to throw off the reserve of her grief and mingle once more in society. People greeted her with delight, for the vacancy which her retirement made had never been filled. She came out from her seclusion much softened in manner, with her wild hilarity toned down to a touching pensiveness. Very lovely was her pale brow, which slept like a white camelia beneath the heavy bands of black hair, while the deep blue eyes, drooped with a thoughtful sadness. Mr. Kilbourn's fame had reached her seclusion, and it was, doubtless, one of the charms that lured her back to active life. Worn as she was with ordinary characters, and tried by affliction, he was just the one to minister to her mind and heart. Meeting her, as he did, at such a time, and bringing to bear all his finer culture and extended range of thought, he was to her nature like a great sunrise, flinging light and glory upon her inmost being, and awakening all the grand ideas that lay, like cradled giants, in her soul. They were mutually attracted. He was a proud oak for her tendril-like heart to twine about; for the first time she loved. He was a fresh revelation of power to her, and she bowed before him, a very devotee. And to him she came beautiful and bright as the sweet star that heralds the morning. The story of their wooing is simple and earnest. Her friends rejoiced to know that she had found one to soothe her solitude and call back her lost cheerfulness. They were also pained to discover that her close confinement had rapidly developed an inherited pulmonary affection, signs of which were seen in the glowing red of the cheek and the unearthly glitter of the eye; then came that low, slow cough that seemed to count the screws in her coffin; so it was hoped that this new attraction, this absorbing emotion, might have power to arrest or retard the advance of the disease.

Though Mr. Kilbourn was seemingly so good, though he advocated the loftiest principles, a close observer could detect an indecision that quivered round the thin lip, and a compromising spirit in the eye, which seemed at times to cower. At first this was construed as a superior severity, brought out by higher culture; by and bye we'll be able, with the progress of events, to judge better of it. As Ellen was so lonely in her bereaved home, it was thought best that the wedding should take place immediately, and give her at once a companion and protector.

In her new relation of wife she became more lovely than ever; the poor again rejoiced in a friend attentive to their every want, and society reclaimed, not the lost belle, but the worthy member and useful woman, who clasped hands with her husband in every honourable endeavour for the advancement of the common weal. She organised relief societies, charity funds, &c., all of which she richly endowed; but from her opulence came a thousand benefactions to the race. But what was the shock of the community when she announced, in the very face of its conservatism, the awful fact that she believed and felt slavery to be a wrong, a vile and atrocious wrong, a huge and stupendous sin. She was not sparing or choice of the terms by which she characterized it. She spoke boldly and fearlessly, as only an aroused Southerner will speak.

"And this," cried the indignant people, "is the influence of her *Yankee* husband, a man who has outraged our hospitality and kindness." "Yes," she would say, "he has shown me the sin of this monster system, and, by the help of God, I'll try now to do justice to the poor creatures whom we have so long wronged. I will declare mine free, and make them legally so. Moreover, I'll preach a crusade against the system; I'll hold a glass up that shall reflect your offence in its proper shape. I am glad of the light that has fallen upon me, and I will speak to you so long as breath and life are granted me."

A new power was infused into her; everywhere she went urging her philanthropy, full of talk upon a subject that seemed to absorb her. She did not mind the sneers that everywhere met her. She gloried in the name of "Abolitionist"; in it she recognised a high and honourable title. She remembered how the Holy One of Nazareth had been persecuted for the advocacy of just such doctrine, and she welcomed any trial that brought her closer to the Truth. The husband, who had sown the good seed in her breast, became suddenly silent, as if stricken with dumbness, but everybody recognised him as the "power behind the throne," the mover and instigator of Ellen's work. Of course he paid the penalty due such a social crime. His school, which for many reasons he wished to retain, was suddenly and rudely broken up. He was insulted in the streets; but sorry am I to recount that his martyrdom was not patiently borne; he was no St. Stephen; he locked himself up in his house, while his brave wife went openly out in the face of day and a hostile community, to proclaim the truth. The *Southern wife* forgot self-interest, the *Northern husband* remembered personal safety.

Once, when the house was attacked by a small mob, the husband remained locked fast in his library, but Ellen went boldly out upon the balcony, and, with a few earnest words, shamed them away.

She urged upon her husband to make out the manumission papers, and, with a certain amount of money which she believed justly due the slaves, get ready at once to make them free and happy; but he put her off on the plea that, in a short time, he would be ready to free them in the happiest manner; and she, with the fond credulity of a wife, believed and trusted him, though in her secret soul she sighed that the good day should be deferred even for twenty-four hours. Alas! poor Ellen, excitement and exposure to the weather, while engaged in hunting up and seeking out the poor during an intense winter, rapidly developed her disease.

During those last sad hours, when the angel of Death hovered over the bed, her whole thought was given to the slave. She pleaded for him in tones that lived for years after in many hearts; and the husband, who faithfully stood at her side, with her small hand clasped in his, promised to carry out her wishes and bless with liberty the poor creatures whom custom and unjust law had made her chattels. With this trust, she closed her eyes in that sweet, still slumber of death—and was laid quietly away in the family vault. The light of her loveliness and the holiness of her example faded out from the community like lost pages of life. But upon her husband the mildew of slavery fell with a cankerous power. He forgot the brotherhood of the race, the value of liberty, the uses of existence and the true service of God, when the thirty slaves became his. All his fine philanthropy dissolved in mist, and he became the open champion of slavery, contending that the Constitution gave him a right to the service, life and blood of those whose skins were a shade or two darker than his own. He suddenly found out that the negroes were not prepared for liberty; that it would be a curse and not a blessing to them, in the present state of affairs; therefore he quietly sat down to enjoy all the ease and comfort that he could crush out of the bones and sinews of thirty men and women. But I have often fancied that all was not right in his soul. I thought I detected something like shame in his partially bent form, his drooping eye-lid and vacant manner. Did not the "ghost of a buried power" haunt him? Did not the memory of Plymouth Rock and the free air of his native land come rebukingly to his soul?

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SLAVERY.—The recent death of the Rev. Samuel Gilman, D.D., pastor of the Unitarian Church in Charleston, S. C., has been announced with the usual demonstrations of respectful sorrow on the part of his brethren at the North, who, with one consent, have spoken of him as a man of exalted worth and eminent piety, and a faithful minister of the gospel of Christ. Not one of all his eulogists, so far as we have observed, has appeared to be conscious that there was any evidence of ministerial unfaithfulness in the fact that, for nearly forty years, in the very hotbed of slavery, he preached, *in the name of Christ*, in such a way as not only gave no offence to those who hold, buy, sell and breed human beings as slaves, working them without wages and keeping them in ignorance and degradation, but even comforted them with the assurance that such wickedness was compatible with the best morality and the purest religious faith! For nearly forty years Dr. Gilman lived and preached in a slaveholding community, in daily contact with the vilest system of oppression in all the world; he saw children bred like calves and pigs for the market; he heard the agonizing cries of men and women tortured by the slave-driver's lash; he was cognizant of the licentiousness which the helpless subjection of woman to the unrestrained lust of man never fails to produce; and yet he never once testified, as a minister of Christ, against these enormities, but was on such terms with the perpetrators that they praised him while living and canonized him in death! If, notwithstanding all this, Dr. Gilman was a faithful minister of Christ, it follows, inevitably, that Christianity is but another name for bondage, the Christian Church a covert for oppression, the Christian pulpit the great bulwark and defence of "the sum of all villany." But it is not so. The ministers, churches and pulpits which lend their influence to slavery, or fail to rebuke and denounce it, are not the servants of Christ, but the vassals of Beelzebub. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

KANSAS.—An election for members of a Convention to frame a State Constitution was held in Kansas, in accordance with the provisions of a law lately enacted by the Territorial Legislature, on the 9th inst. The Convention will meet on Tuesday next, and will doubtless do its work promptly. The Administration must crowd the Lecompton swindle through Congress at an early day, or be confronted with a new Constitution, representing the wishes of the people of Kansas.

FROM WASHINGTON.

THE Senate on Monday night, was the scene of a fierce struggle between the Democrats and the Republicans. The former had announced their determination, on that day, to force the Kansas question to an immediate vote. The latter desired further time for discussion, and, to obtain it, resolved to avail themselves of their extreme rights under the rules. The Democrats refused to adjourn until such time as they could bring the Republicans to terms, and the session was protracted through the night. The Republicans only asked that the question might remain open a week longer, and to this the Democrats, after a night's fretting and fuming, were at last constrained to assent. The final question, by agreement of parties, will be taken next Monday, it being expected that Mr. Douglas, who has been sick for several days past, will then be able to speak. The debate, during the night session, was at times exceedingly sharp. Green, of Missouri, led the Administration forces, and he and Cameron of Pa., indulged in offensive personalities for which they apologized next day. The Southern Senators were overbearing as usual. Mr. Toombs declaring it to be a duty to expedite the business of the Senate and "*crush out this faction.*" This remark roused the indignation of the Republicans. If we had space at our command, we might present some spicy passages from this debate.

Mr. Wade, of Ohio, commenced on Saturday and concluded on Monday the most pungent and telling speech yet delivered in the Senate on the Republican side. His powers of sarcasm as well as of argument are preëminent, and he used them on this occasion so effectually as to command the attention of the Senate and the galleries. We may call attention to this speech when it reaches us in an authentic form.

The President and his friends are said to be somewhat discouraged by the turn of affairs in the House. The Southern Know-Nothings hesitate to swallow Lecompton, and without their votes, or most of them, the measure cannot be carried. The Special Kansas Committee, having refused to obey the command of the House to investigate the matters in dispute, has, by one majority, agreed to report in favour of the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution; but, under the rules of the House, that report cannot be presented for some time to come, unless by consent of the Republicans. The Republicans, through Mr. Harris of Illinois, attempted, by raising a question of privilege, to get before the House, in an official form, the fact, that the Committee had refused to obey instructions. The Speaker decided that the question was not a privileged one, and, as the anti-Lecompton members were not all agreed upon this point, the appeal from his decision was finally withdrawn. The struggle will be severe in the House, but we see little ground to hope that the Administration will not finally succeed.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Nathaniel W. Taylor, for many years Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary at New Haven, died on the 10th inst., aged 72. Up to the time of the repeal of the Missouri Prohibition, his great influence was exerted wholly against the anti-slavery cause. He was the author of the sentiment, that the voter, when two devils are up for office, should support "the best of the two." This he said to justify himself and others in voting for Henry Clay. The Kansas iniquity opened his eyes somewhat; and after the election of Buchanan, he and other citizens of New Haven sent him the remonstrance which called forth, it will be remembered, a very sharp reply from the Executive.

Barclay Pennock, a man well known to many of our readers, and as widely beloved as he was known, died, of consumption, at the residence of his father, near Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa., on the 9th inst. He was an excellent scholar and linguist; and if he had lived but a few years longer, would doubtless have attained to a conspicuous place as a *litterateur*. *The Tribune* says:

"He had contributed already to our literature a translation of a work which deserves to be better known than it is: 'The Religion of the Northmen,' by Professor Keyser of the University of Norway; and he has left behind him, we understand, a MS. volume of the tales handed down from generation to generation among the Norsemen around their firesides. Mr. Pennock travelled some years since through the north of Europe on foot, and made himself thoroughly familiar with the character, habits, traditions and language of the people. His first journey abroad, however, was in company with Bayard Taylor on that tour which produced Taylor's first book, 'Views Afoot.' Pennock subsequently travelled extensively in other parts of the Continent, as well as in the north of Europe, and then, as well as by after-study, made himself master of most modern languages."

Mr. Pennock's wife, to whom he had been married only a few weeks, was taken from him by death within the last year. They are now reünited, we trust, under circumstances that will ensure their permanent happiness in each other's society.

Miss Charlotte L. Forton has been compelled, by ill health, to resign her position as assistant in the Epes Grammar School, in Salem, Mass., which she has occupied, with great credit to herself and usefulness to the school, for a year or two past. The Salem *Observer*, in announcing her resignation, says:

"Miss Forten is a young lady of colour (nearly white), a native of Philadelphia, but was educated in the public schools of Salem. She passed through the Higginson Grammar School for girls with decided eclat, and subsequently entered the State Normal School, and graduated with success. In both these schools she had secured, in no common degree, the respect and interest of her teachers and of her fellow pupils. She was subsequently appointed by the school committee to be an assistant in the Epes Grammar School, where she was graciously received by the parents of the district, and soon endeared herself to the pupils (white) under her charge. From the beginning, her connection with the school has been of the happiest and most useful character, disturbed, we believe, by no unpleasant circumstance. Her services have given entire satisfaction to the Principal of the school and to the school committee, and have received their free approbation. Miss Forten is hereafter to reside in Philadelphia."

The reader will not fully appreciate the value of this testimony to the literary ability and moral worth of a coloured young lady unless he is reminded of the fact, that Salem is the most conservative of all the cities of Massachusetts. Who will say, after this, that the prejudice against colour is invincible?

SPEECH OF MR. GIDDINGS.—We shall publish next week a remarkable speech, made in the U. S. House of Representatives, Feb. 26th, by that bravest as well as oldest of the Congressional champions of freedom, the Hon. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS. The character of the speech is indicated by its title: "Conflict between Religious Truth and American Infidelity." It is the first time, we believe, that slavery has ever been placed before Congress in the light of fundamental religious truths, and its apologists and champions branded as infidels. Mr. Giddings is now an old man, and the state of his health is such that his voice may perhaps never again be heard in the halls of Congress. His words, under such circumstances, should command the earnest and respectful attention of his countrymen, and especially of those who appreciate his great services in the cause of freedom and humanity.

"A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING."—We hear that a man of the name of *Wolfe* has been fleecing the anti-slavery people of West Jersey on the pretence of raising money to start a newspaper. This Wolfe is a coloured man, of pleasing address and some ability. He hails from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and represents that he is about starting a paper there to advocate the rights of his race. He carries with him no credentials, and has nothing but the colour of his skin and the speciousness of his story to recommend him. We regret to hear that some unsuspecting people have been imposed upon by him, and have given him money. He is totally unworthy of credit, and has been playing at this game of starting a newspaper, off and on, for several years. Let the public be on their guard against him.

ALL LABOURERS SLAVES!—We commend to our readers the extracts, on the first page, from a late speech of Senator Hammond of South Carolina, in which the doctrines of the Slave Oligarchy are stated with a frankness which they will not fail to admire. The labourers of the North—the tillers of the soil and the workmen in the shops—*all* who earn their livelihood by the work of their hands—are, according to this representative of the plantation Democracy, *slaves!* The poor creatures at the North, by whose votes Mr. Buchanan was made President, must feel themselves flattered in being ranked with the bondmen of the South!

LECTURES ON THE POSITION OF WOMAN.—Our readers will be pleased to hear that a course of lectures upon the Legal, Social and Industrial Position of Woman is about to be delivered in this city, by the Hon. James T. Brady (a lawyer of high eminence at the New York Bar), the Rev. Dr. Chapin, George W. Curtis, and Lucy Stone. The first lecture, by Mr. Brady, on the Legal aspects of the subject, will probably be delivered in Mozart Hall (Broadway, above Bleecker) on Thursday evening next. The importance of the subject and the well-known eloquence of the speakers ought to secure a crowded audience on each of the four evenings.

GOOD!—The address for the removal of E. G. Loring from the Probate Judgeship passed the Massachusetts Senate on Wednesday, 24 to 14. It had previously been adopted in the House, and now it remains to be seen whether Gov. Banks will obey the voice of the people, expressed through the Legislature for the third time. We trust he will obey, and promptly too.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXXV.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent rebuketh the Editor—How this latter might have magnified his office—And how he failed in it—The Correspondent dealeth with a late Corresponding Editor—He accounteth for his virtue of Resignation—And glorieth in his imperfect education—And abuseth the School-book abuse—He meteorologizeth and is poetical and practical as to the Weather—And is didactic as to the condition of the poor and its causes—He describeth the Charity Bazaar, and maketh comparisons which are not odious.

BOSTON, March 15, 1858.

You should be more considerate as to the shortcomings of your friends and former collaborators, and not spread them before your readers in the way you did in your last issue. Had you simply stated that a late Corresponding Editor of yours had arrived at the promotion of being elected School Committeeman in the ancient town where he abides, it would have been well enough, and would, doubtless, have advanced the interests of the cause, through the increased respect such a circumstance of dignity would have thrown around its object. But when you added that he had declined the distinction, you undid it all again. You know very well that I have had occasion, more than once, to complain of the individual in question, for his natural, though irregular, ambition to be thought the author of my letters to you; but still, I endeavour to keep on as good terms as I can with him, and cannot but regret that you should not have managed the rare occasion of a popular election falling on any one of your sort so as to have made it redound to the glory and advantage of the Anti-Slavery Cause. The rumour, however, was true in both its parts. *I happened, accidentally,* to be in company with the eminent person in question when he was notified of his election and when he declined the trust. All that can be said in his favour is that he did not make any shuffling excuses, but fairly and squarely met the emergency by the frank confession that he was "too lazy" to discharge its duties properly. He had nothing to say in defence of himself, and merely fell back on the broad ground of Original Sin as the only way of accounting for his shirking this important but onerous service. I have a private suspicion of my own, however, that a horrible misgiving that some of the more advanced branches of that portion of Young America might perplex him with mischievous inquiries as to some of the "*ologies*" or "*onomies*" which have been invented for the torment of the rising generation since his time. Then, the "three Rs" of Sir William Curtis—"Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic"—were about all that were thought called for in common schools. But now! Goodness gracious! Let us be thankful that we were brought up in the good old days of Daboll's Arithmetic, the English Reader and Murray's Grammar, before the School-book Nuisance was known, or compilers and publishers conspired with school committeemen to turn an ever-changing stream of trash through the schools for the benefit of the manufacturers, for many of whom it has ground out a right jolly grist.

Winter seems to have resumed payment, or, at least, to be paying off an instalment of his annual indebtedness. The distant hills, over the back bay, are covered with snow, and there is yet slipperiness enough to maintain the ancient institution of coasting in a somewhat decayed and delapidated condition. The prophecies of those who foretold that we should have our due allowance of cold weather in the spring, which we missed of in the winter, have been partially fulfilled; but still, it must needs be that the sun will soon lead away captive the lagging winter in triumph at his chariot wheels, as he journeys along the ecliptic, and we shall lose sight of its slow-lingering footsteps. Without accepting the doctrine that there has been any alteration or modification of the laws of nature to compensate for the consequences of the insane folly of Man, in his greedy clutch at wealth, the mildness of the season has certainly been a very happy coincidence. It has befallen mercifully to the great multitude of labouring poor who suffer vicariously for the sins of those who esteem themselves their betters, whose reckless pursuit of gain has brought ruin on themselves and many more beside. The charities of the city were never better organized or furnished than they have been this winter, and a great amount of suffering has undoubtedly been saved thereby. Indeed, I imagine that the professional beggars, those who live habitually on alms, were never as well cared for before. But the sum of distress endured by those who are able and willing to work, and are too proud to beg, must have been great in amount and severity. Pains have been taken, however, to search such out, and the opening season we may hope will afford them new opportunities of honourable self-support. There is, certainly, no external signs of hard times. The streets swarm with people and many new blocks of splendid warehouses are obtruding themselves upon what were lately the quiet and retired habitations of substantial citizens. The disrepute into which stock investments have fallen of late has given an impulse to capital in the direction of real estate.

The Exchequer of the Provident Society having been drained, its friends were minded to replenish it by means of a Bazaar, under the direction of several ladies of high social position. It was held last week, in the Music Hall, and lasted five days, with the liberal result of from $12,000 to $15,000. It was a very pretty sight indeed—especially in the evening, and from the galleries, from which one could look down on the surges of human nature which swayed backward and forward upon the floor. As there was a band of music every night, and also singing on one or two of the evenings, the crowd was very great. The disposition of tables was somewhat different from that usually adopted at Fairs. Instead of being a continuous line round the hall, they were set in booths or tents in various parts of it, so as to accommodate even a greater number of tables than could have been done in the ordinary way, and yet to leave an ample space for the circulation of customers. The booths, also, afforded some degree of shelter to the saleswomen, who were thus comparatively well drawn from sight. The supply of articles seemed to be inexhaustible. At least, it was unexhausted at the close of the Bazaar. The display was in the highest degree creditable to the industry and ingenuity of the ladies concerned in the Fair; though for beauty and variety of articles it could not, in the nature of things, come up to the Anti-Slavery Bazaar. This one had not been in contemplation long enough to receive contributions from the other side of the water; and, if it had been, from its local purpose, could hardly have asked for or received them. In fact, no just comparison could be made between the two efforts, and none could be instituted that would be fair to the last week's Bazaar. If we could only have had the public that this one commanded we might have run up our sales to a much higher figure than they have ever yet reached. I observed several ladies who are always active at the anti-slavery sales who were present at this one. It was an effort the success of which must gratify every one inside or outside of it.

You know that the official days of Judge Loring are numbered. The Bill which Gov. Banks suggested for the Abolition of all the Probate Judgeships and all the Judgeships of Insolvency, and the Consolidation of the two offices, has passed both branches by large majorities. After the next 1st of July, therefore, he will at any rate cease to exist as a Suffolk County magistrate. It was suspected, as I believe I have told you, that this was only a *dodge* by which the demands of justice on Loring could be satisfied without subjecting the Governor to the responsibility of removing him in answer to an Address. I am assured that this was not the sole reason, if it entered into the gubernatorial calculation at all; for I have been told almost incredible stories of the ignorance and incapacity of some of the Know-Nothing Insolvent Judges. Know-Nothingism was justified of its children in their case, certainly. So the only ways of getting rid of these disgraceful officials was to make a general sweep of them, and by uniting their duties with those of the Probate Office, and attaching to the new one an honourable salary, to procure the services of competent lawyers. The Loring party in the Legislature and in the State, by the furious opposition they raised to this bill, drove the Republicans to push the Address, as well. It passed the House last week by a majority of 26, and is in the orders of the day of the Senate for to-day. Its passage there is not as certain as one could wish; but speculation is of no use, as you will know the result before you go to press. Should the Address pass the Senate I believe it is understood that Gov. Banks is too good a Democrat to refuse to grant a constitutional demand, made for a third time, for the removal of an odious magistrate. The effect practically would only be to cut short his official life three months; but the moral effect would be one of grave and enduring importance. The removal would be a brand of infamy affixed to a magistrate of Massachusetts for consenting to be the tool of a slaveholder. D. Y.

DIED.

WHARTON.—On the 26th ult., in Bucks County, Pa., Ann C. Wharton, of Camden, N. J., aged 62 years.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE LITTLE HUGUENOT.

This is the true story of the escape of a little Huguenot from the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew's Day.

The massacre took place at Paris, in the year 1572. It was the practical consequence of the hatred of the Papists for the members of the Reformed Religion, who desired nothing but to think for themselves on subjects which concerned their eternal salvation. The King of France and his mother were at the head of the conspiracy; and the signal for the beginning of the bloodshed was the tolling of a church bell, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Royal Palace. Men and women of the Reformed Religion, and their innocent children, were assassinated, under the encouragement and superintendence of the Church and State, in all quarters of Paris. The chief man of the Huguenots—the famous Admiral de Coligny—suffered with the rest of the victims. He was officially murdered at night, in his own house, and his dead body was thrown from the window of his bedchamber into the courtyard below. This atrocious massacre was perpetrated in the name of Christianity; and was invented and directed by men who were acquainted with the existence of the New Testament, and who, in the natural course of their studies, must have read the words of the Sermon on the Mount.

In those times of savage cruelty and of worse than Pagan wickedness, there lived at Paris two brothers, who were Huguenots, and gentlemen of distinction in that day. One of the brothers bore his family name, and was called Monsieur de la Force. The other was known by the title of the Sieur de Caumont.

It so happened that some time before the day of the massacre, M. de la Force, the younger of the two brothers, had proved himself to be a good customer and friend to a certain horse-dealer, of whom he had purchased, on various occasions, nine or ten horses. Strange as it may appear, this person, although he was a horse-dealer, was really a sensible, humane and honest man. A few hours before the massacre began, he happened to be in the neighbourhood of Admiral de Coligny's house, and he there saw or heard something which gave him a suspicion of the murders which the Papists were then on the point of committing. He immediately thought of his kind patron and customer, and determined to warn him in time of the imminent danger to which he was exposed, as a man of distinction among the Huguenots. To do this, it was necessary for the horse-dealer to cross the Seine; M. de la Force living on that bank of the river which was opposite to the bank on which the King's Palace and the house of Admiral de Coligny were situated.

The River Seine was crossed by ferry-boats in those days. When the horse-dealer reached that part of the bank on which the Royal Palace stood, and asked for passage in one of the ferry-boats in attendance there, he was told that they were all engaged on special service. He went a little further on, to try what he could do at the next station—but here the ferry-boats had all been removed. Knowing that the minutes were precious, and determined to succeed in his errand of mercy, the brave man took off his clothes, tied them in a bundle on his head, and passed the river by swimming. Once on the other bank, he lost no time in going straight to the house of M. de la Force, and warning him of his danger. The Huguenot gentleman, thereupon, immediately betook himself to his brother, the Sieur de Caumont, who lived near him; and the two called together all their friends of the Reformed Religion who were within reach, to consult on the best means of escaping the deadly danger which now threatened them.

After some discussion, the Sieur de Caumont, ignorant of the part which the King had secretly taken in organizing the massacre, proposed that all the persons assembled should go straight to the Palace, and place themselves under the Royal protection. This advice was adopted, and they set forth at once for the nearest station of ferry-boats on that side of the river.

Arrived at the place, they found that every one of the boats had been removed to the opposite bank. This circumstance aroused their suspicions, and forced them to the conclusion that the conspiracy against their lives was sanctioned in high official quarters. They resolved to return immediately; to get to horse with their families; to muster in a park in the neighbourhood of Paris, called the Pré-aux-Clercs, and thence to escape to the safest places of refuge at their disposal in the country.

While they were preparing for departure, news came that the ferry-boats were approaching the side of the river on which they lived, all filled with soldiers armed to the teeth.

Upon this, the fugitives mounted without losing another instant, and made for the Pré-aux-Clercs. The horses were ready for M. de la Force and his brother. The Sieur de Caumont rode off with the rest. M. de la Force (who was a widower) was detained by some difficulty in getting his two boys safely on horseback—was detained so long that he gave up all hope of joining the fugitives; and, returning to his house, closed all the doors, and determined to defend his children and himself on his own hearth.

Defence, however, was hopeless, against the number of assailants who were now approaching him. The street was filled with soldiers, who threatened to break in the door if it was not opened. It being only too evident that they could execute their threat in a few minutes, their demand was complied with, for the sake of not irritating them unnecessarily.

They rushed in at once, with their drawn swords, headed by a Captain, named Martin, and all shouting together, "Kill! kill!" Their first proceeding was to disarm the master and his servants, and to place them, with the two boys, in a corner of the room. "Any one of you, who likes, may say his prayers, and had better be quick about it," said Captain Martin; "for you will all die together in five minutes' time."

M. de la Force, preserving his self-possession, replied:

"Do what you will with me: I am prepared to die, if need be, in five minutes' time. But have some compassion on these children, who have offended no one. By putting them to death you will gain nothing. By preserving their lives you may profit yourself considerably, for I have the means of rewarding your moderation by payment of a heavy ransom."

This last argument made some impression on Captain Martin and his men. They put up their swords, and dispersed to pillage the house. Being unable to find the necessary keys (the person who kept them having taken to flight), they burst open closed doors, and broke open locked boxes in the court-yard. In a short space of time, all the property of M. de la Force, in money, plate and clothes, had passed into their keeping.

Having completed the pillage, Captain Martin and his men came back to their prisoners, and told them, with many oaths, that die they must, as the soldiers had orders to kill all the Huguenots in Paris, without sparing anybody. M. de la Force again appealed to them on their only weak point, the love of money, and promised to ransom the lives of himself, his children and his servants at the price of two thousand crowns. Captain Martin looked at his men, pondered a little, and then said roughly: "So be it. Follow me, all of you."

Having got their prisoners into the court-yard, he made them tear up their handkerchiefs, and fix the strips in the form of a cross on their hats. After which, he directed them to turn up their right sleeves as high as their shoulders. The cross on the hat and the turn-up sleeve were peculiarities of dress, previously agreed upon, to distinguish the Papists from their Huguenot victims. Thus protected from discovery, they were taken across the river by Captain Martin, without delay.

They were altogether five in number. The father, the two boys, a man-servant named Gast, and a Page named La Vigerie. On reaching the other side of the river, they passed the bodies of murdered Huguenots, weltering in their blood, at every step. Captain Martin, without looking to the right hand or the left, led his prisoners straight to his own house; and, having bestowed them there in safety, made ready to go out again, and continue the work of murder and pillage, in his own neighbourhood. Before he went away, however, he addressed himself to M. de la Force, and insisted on that gentleman's pledging his word of honour that neither he nor his children would attempt to escape before the ransom was paid. Having been satisfied on this point (for he knew well enough that M. de la Force was a man who held his promise sacred), he took himself off, recommending the prisoners to be quick in getting the money, and leaving two Swiss soldiers to guard them in his absence.

M. de la Force, knowing the importance of losing no time, immediately sent his man-servant, Gast, to his sister-in-law, Madame de Brisembourg, who lived at the Arsenal. Gast was to tell her all that had happened, and to implore her to raise the sum of money required for the ransom, as soon as possible.

On his return to his master, Gast reported that the lady would undertake to raise the money and send it by the next day. She also sent word that the news of the lives of her brother-in-law and his children having been spared had already reached the ears of the King, and that the worst consequences were to be apprehended as the result of that unhappy circumstance.

Having delivered his message, the servant implored his master to seek safety by flight—the more especially as the two Swiss soldiers, appointed to watch the prisoners, were secretly horrified at the massacre, and were perfectly ready to let them go. But M. de la Force, with a dauntless sense of honour, which would have influenced few men at that moment, and which no words can praise as it deserves to be praised, steadily refused to profit by Gast's suggestion.

"I have passed my word to wait here till the ransom is paid," said that brave and admirable gentleman; "and I will not save my life by breaking my promise. Here I will stop till the money comes; and I will leave it to God in his wisdom to dispose of me and of my children, as He sees good."

Hearing these words, the servants hesitated about taking to flight by themselves, not knowing where to go and not having any means of procuring horses. They waited, therefore, in the house, with the purpose of concealing themselves in the upper rooms at the first approach of danger.

The rest of the day passed, and the night followed, and nothing happened. Neither Captain Martin nor any of his men came near the house. On the next day, when the ransom was due, there arrived, instead of the Captain who was to receive it, a certain Papist nobleman, named the Count de Coconas, followed by a guard of forty soldiers. The Count informed M. de la Force that the King's brother had heard of their being taken prisoners, and that he desired to speak with them immediately. While he was giving this message, he allowed his men to tear off the outer clothing of M. de la Force and his sons. Finding themselves used in this way, they suspected that the pretended message was a falsehood, and prepared themselves for the worst. M. de la Force appealed, as a last resource, to the Count's sense of justice, pleading that his life, and the life of his sons, had been spared on condition of paying a ransom, and that the money was to be sent that very day. His youngest son, who had shown marvellous courage and coolness in the midst of deadly danger, joined M. de la Force in trying to touch the Count's heart by his innocent entreaties. They spoke long; the boy, when he found his father getting agitated, trying to console and quiet him. When they had said all that was possible to say, the only answer the Count condescended to give them was this:

"I was told there were two servants with you; and I see neither of them. Where are they?"

On the first approach of the soldiers, the Page had wisely flown to the protection of the two Swiss guards. Gast, unfortunately for himself, had rushed up stairs to one of the garrets, and had there endeavoured to lie hid. He was searched for by the Count's order, was found, and was brought down stairs, to take his place with his fellow-prisoners. The Page could not be discovered anywhere.

"Only four!" said the Count, running them over with his eye. "Never mind. March them out."

They left the house, with their guards all round them, and were led into a lonely bye-street in the neighbourhood. There the soldiers halted, drew their swords, called out all together, "Kill! kill!" and attacked their defenceless prisoners.

The eldest boy was the first slain; and his father was the next victim. The youngest son (the same who had shown such courage in pleading for his life) had the presence of mind to drop to the ground with them, and to lie there as still as if he too had been killed by the same sword-thrusts which had despatched his father and his brother. Gast, the servant, was murdered last. All the clothing of the bodies was torn off them. The living boy lay naked in the blood of his nearest and dearest relations—to all outward appearance death-stained by his wounds, like the rest.

As the Count and his men withdrew, believing that they had successfully accomplished the butchery of their four prisoners, certain poor Papists, living in the street, stole out from their houses to look at the dead bodies. One among them, a Marker at a Tennis Court, staid longer than the rest on the scene of slaughter; and said to himself sorrowfully, looking at the younger son as he lay on the ground:

"Sad, sad! here is the body of a mere child!"

The boy, whose name was Jacques, hearing these compassionate words, ventured to raise his head, and said, piteously:

"I am not dead. For mercy's sake, save my life!"

The Marker instantly pressed him back to the ground again, and whispered:

"Hush! Don't move yet, my little man. The soldiers are still in the neighbourhood."

Having spoken these words of warning, he withdrew a few paces, and walked backwards and forwards for a little while, watching, on the other side of the street. In a few minutes he came back, and saying, "They are gone, now—you may get up, my boy," put his ragged old cloak over the naked body of Jacques, and led him away by the hand. They had not walked many paces, before some people met them, and asked who that strangely-dressed boy was.

"My nephew," answered the Marker. "The little rascal has been getting drunk, and I am taking him home to give him a good whipping."

The worthy man's home was a garret in a ruinous old house. Arrived there, he gave Jacques some water to wash himself, and some ragged clothing belonging to the nephew, whom the boy now personated. He was so poor that he had nothing to eat or drink; and seeing that Jacques had a little ring still left on his finger, he asked leave to go out and pawn it to get some food. They supped and breakfasted the next morning, on the money obtained by the ring; and, then the Marker asked Jacques what he proposed to do next, and where he wanted to go.

The boy answered by begging to be taken to the Palace, where he had a sister who occupied a place in the Queen's household. The Marker shook his head at that proposal, and declined to risk the gallows by taking a young Huguenot, whose life he had saved, to the head-quarters of the Papist conspiracy.

The next suggestion offered by Jacques was that they should go to the Arsenal, where his aunt, Madame de Brisembourg, lived. The Marker was ready to undertake this expedition, though it was rather a long and dangerous one, provided they passed through no principal streets. Before they started, he took occasion to remind Jacques of his poverty, and inquired if Madame de Brisembourg was a likely woman to give as much as thirty crowns for the safe delivery of her nephew, at the gates of the Arsenal. Jacques promised, in his aunt's name, that the sum should be forthcoming, and they started immediately.

They got to the Arsenal without misadventures of any sort. Arrived at the gate, Jacques said to his companion:

"Wait here; and I will send you out your nephew's clothes, and the thirty crowns for taking care of me."

While he was speaking, the gate was opened by some one coming out; and Jacques dexterously slipped in, before it was closed again. He wandered about the place, looking for the building in which his aunt lived, and meeting no persons but strangers, whom he was afraid to inquire of. At last, who should he see but the Page in his late father's service—the lad who had been saved by the Swiss guards!

The Page (who had taken refuge with Madame de Brisembourg on the night of the murder) did not recognise his young master at first, in the ragged clothing of the Marker's nephew. Jacques made himself known, and was taken instantly to his aunt.

Madame de Brisembourg having heard that her brother-in-law, and both his children, had been killed, was in bed, overwhelmed by the shock of that dreadful intelligence. Her joy and astonishment can hardly be imagined, when she found her youngest nephew standing alive and well by her bedside. She immediately ordered proper clothing for him, and arranged that his bed should be made in her own dressing-room. Jacques did not forget his friend the Marker, in the happiness of finding an asylum. He begged thirty crowns from his aunt, and sent them out, with the ragged clothes, to his preserver, who was waiting at the gate.

Jacques enjoyed two days of rest and security in his aunt's dressing-room. At the end of that time, Marshal de Biron (Head of the Artillery Department) was told that the King had discovered that certain Huguenots had taken refuge at the Arsenal, and that His Majesty was determined to have them sought for without delay. This bad news the Marshal communicated to Madame de Brisembourg, who immediately felt that her nephew was no longer in safety under her own roof.

The next morning, accordingly, she caused him to be dressed as a Page in the service of Marshal de Biron, and placed him, with many tears, under the protection of the Sieur de Born, a lieutenant-general of artillery, in whose good sense and humanity she could put perfect trust.

The Sieur de Born took Jacques out of the Arsenal and brought him to a house in the neighbourhood belonging to a person connected with the Artillery Department, named Guillon. "Be so good," said the Sieur de Born, "as to give this lad house-room for a few days. He is the son of an old friend of mine, and he is about to enter the service of the Marshal de Biron, in the capacity of Page." Gillon accepted the charge readily. He was a sharp man, and he strongly suspected that the story about the Marshal de Biron's page was a mere invention. However, fortunately for Jacques, he was under obligations to the Sieur de Born; so he kept his suspicions to himself, and received the young stranger very kindly.

Jacques remained unmolested in the house of Guillon for a week. His host was accustomed to go out every morning to his duties, and to return to dinner—on which occasion the lad generally ran to open the door for him. On the eighth day the usual knock came at the usual time, and Jacques opened the door; but, seeing a stranger standing on the threshold, immediately clapped it to again in his face. Upon this, the man called through the door, "Don't be afraid, my boy. I am a messenger of your aunt's and I am sent to know how you are." Jacques called back, that his health was excellent, and that he was very much obliged to his aunt; but he took good care not to open the door again. The deadly peril through which he had passed had taught him to be as cautious as any grown man in Paris.

When the master of the house came back, a little later, Jacques told him what had happened. Guillon, with a look of alarm, started up from his dinner, and ran to the Arsenal to make inquiries at the apartments of Madame de Brisembourg. The information he received there justified the worst suspicions. Madame de Brisembourg had sent no messenger to inquire after her nephew's health. The stranger was evidently a Papist spy.

There was no resource now for Jacques but to resign all hopes of finding an asylum in Paris, and to risk the danger of trying to escape into the country. If he had not possessed powerful friends at the Arsenal, he would never have been able to make the attempt. As it was, his aunt's influence with the Marshal de Biron was powerful enough to give him another chance for his life. The Marshal had a royal passport intended for the use of two persons in his service—that is to say, of his steward, the Sieur de Fraisse, and of one of the pages, who was accustomed to carry his written orders to the commanding officer of a troop of soldiers, then in garrison in the country. It was arranged that the steward should make use of the passport immediately, and that he should take Jacques with him in the character of page.

At the gate of the city by which they passed out, they found the Sieur de Born waiting to lend them his assistance, in case of any difficulties. He introduced Jacques to the official persons who examined the passport, as a relation of his own, who had recently entered the service of the Marshal de Biron. Thanks to this recommendation, the passport proved effectual; and the steward and the page rode through the gate without hindrance and without question.

As soon as they passed the guard, Jacques asked where they were going to. "We are going into the country, if it pleases God," said the Sieur de Fraisse. "I hope from my heart it may please Him," answered Jacques. And away they went along the high road.

After two days' riding, they put up at an inn, where they met with a Person of Quality, who had arrived before them, and who rejoiced in a train of seven mounted servants. The Person of Quality was a zealous Papist, and talked in high spirits of the successful slaughtering of the scoundrelly Huguenots, as he called them. He also took a great fancy to Jacques, and proposed, as they were travelling the same way, to offer him the protection of his train of seven mounted servants. Jacques and the steward were afraid to decline this offer. So the next day they all travelled together.

When they put up again for the night, the Person of Quality ordered his dressing-gown, to make himself comfortable after the journey. Jacques recognised the pattern the moment the dressing-gown was produced. It had belonged to his father.

Once wrapped up comfortably, with his boots off and his legs on a chair, the Person of Quality resumed his rejoicings over the massacre of the Huguenots. He said that only one mistake of any consequence had been committed in the execution of that righteous butchery, and that was caused by allowing the Sieur de Caumont (Jacques's uncle) to escape. This circumstance the Person of Quality sincerely regretted: but he was consoled by calling to mind that M. de la Force and both his children had perished, at any rate; and he was not without hope that he might yet find out the place of the Sieur de Caumont's retreat, and have the satisfaction of killing that detestable Huguenot with his own hands.

This discourse and the discovery of the dressing-gown had such effect on Jacques that he took the first opportunity of entreating the steward to find out some means of continuing their journey alone, the next day. The Sieur de Fraisse was only too anxious to grant the request. He and Jacques rose the next morning before daybreak, paid their bill, called for their horses, and rode off, while the Person of Quality was fast asleep.

They encountered other dangers from stray Papist travellers, from which they escaped, however, with very little difficulty. The further they got from Paris, the fewer risks they ran. On the eighth day after their departure, they reached a large building, situated in a very remote place, and called Castlenau. This was the end of their journey; for here the Sieur de Caumont had flown for refuge, after riding out to the Pre-aux-Clercs with the rest of the Huguenot fugitives.

"Nobody," says the ancient chronicler from whose pages these particulars are taken—"nobody would believe, if I tried to relate it, how the Sieur de Caumont rejoiced over the recovery of the nephew whom he had given up for dead. From that time forth he loved the boy as if he had been his son; and the first lesson he taught him was to thank God on his knees, night and morning, for his deliverance from death.

It is good to know that Jacques showed himself well worthy of his uncle's affection and care. He entered the army, and rose to the highest distinction as a soldier. In French history his name is famous, as the Marshal de la Force. He escaped death on the field of battle as marvellously as he had escaped it in the streets of Paris, and he lived prosperously to the ripe old age of eighty-four years.

This is all there is to tell of the escape of Jacques from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day.—*Household Words.*

NEW SONG BY BURNS.

[The following song, read at the Burns festival at Cincinnati, was communicated by Mrs. Jane Renwich, of New York, to whom it was addressed when she was a "bonnie Scotch lassie," and a favourite of the Scotch bard. It has never been published in his works.]

TO MISS JANE JEFFREY, DAUGHTER OF THE PARISH PASTOR OF LOCHMABEN, SCOTLAND.

When first I saw my Jeanie's face,
I could na' think what ailed me:
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat;
My een had nearly failed me.
She's aye sae neat, and trim and tight,
All grace does round her hover;
Ae' look deprived me o' my heart,
And I became her lover.
She's aye, aye sae blythe and gay,
She's aye sae blythe and obeery,
She's aye sae bonny, blythe and gay,
O, gin' I were her dearie!

Had I Dundas's whole estate,
Or Hoptoun's pride to shine in,
Did warlike honours crown my fate,
Or softer lays entwine in,
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
Could I but hope to move her;
And prouder than a peer or knight,
I'd be my Jeanie's lover.
She's aye, aye sae blythe, &c.

But sair I doubt some happier swain
Has gain'd my Jeanie's favour;
If sae, may every bliss be hers,
Tho' I can never have her,
But gang she east, or gang she west,
Twixt Nith and Tweed all over,
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She'll always find a lover.
She's aye, aye sae blythe, &c.

IMPROVEMENT IN BREAD-BAKING.

A new process of bread-baking, the invention of Dr. Dauglish of Malvern, is at present undergoing a course of successful experiment at the works of the Messrs. Carr in Carlisle, and promises to effect at once an improvement in quality and the saving of about a tenth of material. The idea proceeded upon is not new—that has been long known, and frequently made the subject of experiment; but the process by which the theory can be successfully reduced to practice is now for the first time brought forward.

When the dough, mixed with yeast, under the old system, is placed in a warm atmosphere, in an hour or two it begins to rise or swell, in consequence of a portion of its starch being converted into sugar, and this changed into alcohol and carbonic acid. The gas permeates the dough, forming, in its efforts to escape, little cells, where it is imprisoned by the tenacity of the gluten, which forms about 10 per cent. of fine flour. It is this mechanical peculiarity of wheaten flour which has made it the chief food of mankind. Rye, although of nearly the same composition, has less tenacity in the gluten, and the bread made from it has, therefore, less lightness; while oatmeal, although much richer in gluten than fine wheaten flour, has so little tenacity as to be quite incapable of being baked into a spongy loaf at all.

When the dough is placed in the oven, the fermentation goes on more rapidly; the little cells grow into large bubbles; the alcohol escapes and is dissipated; till at length, when the heat is about the boiling-point, it kills the yeast, and the fermentation is suddenly at an end. The use of the yeast is to evolve gas in order to give lightness to the bread; but this, we see, it can do only at the expense of the dough, by first converting a portion of its starch into sugar.

To save this waste, it was necessary to charge the dough with ready-made (carbonic acid) gas, instead of making the gas of its own substance; and this was repeatedly tried by mixing the flour with aërated water, but with no good result, since, in the very act of mixing, the gas escaped. In this stage of the business, Dr. Dauglish conceived the idea of employing, in the operation of mixing, sufficient pressure to prevent the escape of the gas. This, in point of fact, is his invention; but a vast deal of patient ingenuity was required to make it work practically. In a well-written article on the subject in a local paper, the *Carlisle Examiner*, the following account is given of the apparatus and its action: "The apparatus constructed at the works in Caldewgate consists of the ordinary gas generator and holder used by soda-water makers, and of a set of powerful pumps, for forcing the gas into the water contained in a condenser; also for pumping a pressure—that is, a volume of gas—into a kneading or mixing vessel, which is a strong iron globe, capable of containing more than two sacks of flour, and furnished with arms revolving by steam-power. To work the apparatus, flour is put into the mixer, and water into the condenser, the pumps set to work, and, when sufficient gas has been pumped into these vessels, the water is let into the mixer, and the arms set agoing. In eight minutes, the dough is mixed. The pressure is then let off, and the dough rises instantaneously. Thus, in about half an hour, the usually tedious and uncertain process of bread-making has been accomplished, and there has also been effected the saving of that precious tenth of nutritious matter which would have been wasted in exhalation, or by conversion into alcohol. The baker is delivered from the hard necessity of setting his bread at night, and watching for its rising in the morning. Alternations of cold and heat are rendered powerless over the heaviness or lightness of our breakfast-loaves. Time, labour and material are saved, and thus bread rendered both purer and cheaper."

But there is something of importance in bread-making besides raising the dough. The oven must be constructed on a good principle, or every other advantage will, to a certain extent, be lost. Our present oven has come down to us as an heirloom from our ancestors, and we have never thought of examining it by the lights of science. In the Carlisle experiments, however, it was found that the bread, however artistically made by the new process, was not invariably what might have been expected, and this led to an inquiry into the principle of the oven. It was discovered that the heated vaults we use for the purpose, in which the heat radiates *down* upon the bread, are unfavourable to lightness; whereas in Paris and Vienna, where the heat *rises* from the bottom, and passes through the loaf, the top-crust is soft, and the bread as spongy as is desirable. On this latter principle, therefore—new, we believe, in England—the ovens were constructed for the unfermented bread.

We may add, as something that will appear curious to many of our readers, that "the *bulk* of light bread—or rather, the space it fills—is but one-sixth solid matter, and five-sixths aëriform, and that, consequently, very high pressures are needed to make such light bread." These pressures, however, are so effectual by the new process that even when the dough is rolled out into biscuit, it retains the gas in minute cells, and thus a novel and superior kind of bread is produced under a familiar name. This has struck Messrs. Carr & Co. so much that we believe it is their intention to confine the use of the apparatus to their original occupation—the manufacture of biscuit; although their doing so will not exclude the public from the advantage of the invention in their daily bread, since it is Dr. Dauglish's intention to treat liberally with all who desire to avail themselves of the patent.—*Chambers's Journal.*

For The Standard.*

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

SUNG BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

Air—"The Fine Old English Gentleman

Stand back! the path is sacred where our Royal lady passed,
And let the British cheer ring out like bells upon the blast;
Though another home shall gladden 'neath the joy upon her face,
Though her bright form passing from us leaves a shadow in its place,
Yet, to-day, the wreath that crowns her by her island breeze is fanned,
The daughter of our England, the child of the old, old land.

Not garlanded for sacrifice, not mated to a crown,
But pledged before an altar where the light of love streams down,
Wherever falls her fairy foot, it falls on holy ground,
And hallowed is the gimmal-ring that clasps her finger round;
And loyal are the hearts that pray—a good and gallant band—
For the daughter of our England, the child of the old, old land!

What heedeth she, what careth she—so young, and, O, so fair!—
What soil her love shall sanctify, so he she loves be there?
Clasped to his side, she'd meet the tide that swept her state apart;
She seeks no other meaner throne, whose throne is on his heart;
Should a regal circlet crown her, 'twill be lifted by his hand
O'er the daughter of our England, the child of the old, old land!

Like summer suns through British skies, for her the years shall roll,
Who bears her mother's woman-heart, her father's princely soul;
Like tendrils from the vineyards where the old Rhine river flows,
The love of high and low shall twine around our English rose;
While rolls the welcome, swelling through their anthems old and grand,
For the daughter of our England, the child of the old, old land!

The trusty swords she counted hers, that watch about her yet,
The spell that is upon her shall not charm her to forget;
When her joy is at its fullest, there shall mingle with her mirth
All sweet and glorious memories of the land that gave her birth!
In thought she still shall tread the soil whose thousand heroes stand
Round the daughter of our England, the child of the old, old land!

God bless her in her English home! God bless her evermore
In the new home that awaits her by the fine old German shore!
Like loyal arrows flying from our good old English bows,
Our loyal thoughts shall follow towards the clime to which she goes;
For our love can cleave the waters, and our love can bridge the strand,
For the daughter of our England, the child of the old, old land!

C. L. Hervey.

*This beautiful poem came to us with the prefix, "For The Standard," but we are not sure whether the person who sent it intended that we should receive it as original, or merely as selected for our columns. The sender, in either case, has our thanks.—*Editor.*

POLYGASTRIC ANIMALCULES.

The wits of London, better able to discuss the merits of a fable by Dryden or a comedy by Congreve, long continued to amuse themselves with the wonderful discoveries of a body of philosophers that, under the title of the Royal Society, held frequent meetings at Gresham College. The enthusiasm for research that prompted men endowed with ordinary judgment to dissect mal-formed calves—to study critically the motions of spiders, snails, toads—or to feel interested in learning whether there were in certain foreign countries blue bees that made black wax and white honey, and similar subjects of investigation, appeared to the man of fashion in those days a deplorable delusion—pardonable perhaps in the gloomy time of Old Noll, when playhouses were closed, and all sorts of amusement forbidden, but certainly unbecoming such as had the good fortune to live in the reign of the Merry Monarch. Nor needs such an estimate of the infancy of the distinguished Society surprise us when we bear in mind the apparent uselessness of many of its experiments and researches, and the indifference of its most exalted patrons to the true advancement of science. The chief delight of its royal founder was to put such puzzling queries as neither common sense nor philosophy could satisfactorily solve, or to gratify his curiosity by witnessing an "anatomical administration," as the rather rare spectacle of a dissection was called in those days. Surely some apology was afforded to the idle for scepticism regarding the utility of Prince Rupert's glass manufactory, or such a contribution in natural history from the Duke of Buckingham as "the horne of a unicorne." Moreover, its *Transactions*, which, under the ponderous title of "An accompte of the present undertakings, studies, and labours of the ingenious in many considerable parts of the world," the Society began regularly to publish, contained not a little that must have appeared extremely ludicrous to such—at the time the majority of the public—as could not sympathize with the many errors through which experimental philosophy had to struggle in its progress towards maturity. Among the papers that appeared in the *Transactions* during the year 1675 was one that caused almost as much amusement to the Society as to the loungers of the Mall. It was from a Dutch contributor, Anthony Lenwenhock of Delft, whose ingenuity in improving microscopes—instruments to which the Society very wisely gave much attention—had procured him honourable distinction among his English associates. The curious observations which the superiority of his glasses enabled him to make had not hitherto overstepped the limits of belief, but when, in the year mentioned, he declared himself as having discovered certain animals of such extreme minuteness that many thousands of them did not equal a grain of sand, his statement was received with derision. It is not impossible, from the proneness universally shown by mankind to treat as profane such observations as reveal an elevated physical organization in other beings, that the daring microscopist might in an earlier age have met the reward of Galileo.

The splendour of Lenwenhock's discovery might well compensate him for an indifferent reception. He had the high fortune to have been the first to observe that beyond the power of the keenest vision there lay an unsuspected world of life, surpassing in number all the united occupants of air, earth, and water. Examined through his lenses, the smallest speck of the green mantle of the standing pool resolved itself into myriads of individual existences. It has been reserved to his successors to discover that the waters of the seas, lakes, and rivers, are equally prolific—a view of the boundlessness of animated nature which it is almost impossible to comprehend.

From the facility afforded by vegetable infusions for procuring these little animals, they came to be known as Infusoria. This generic name is still retained; but, by the more scientific arrangement of the great Prussian naturalist, Ehrenberg, the class is divided into Polygastria, or many-stomached, and Rotifera, or wheel-shaped animalcules. It is to the former class that we ask the reader's attention, as the rotifers, from their more advanced organization, are objects of inferior interest. The polygastrians are so low in the scale of being as to have no fixed type of form. Many important organs they want altogether, and such as they possess are very defective. They have neither brain nor spinal cord; nor eyes, blood, nor proper organs of locomotion. Many species have neither mouth nor digestive canal; and yet, with all these defects, they are lively and playful, great eaters, and very fond of their ease. They have managed, in the successive eras of geological change over the globe, to avoid destruction. They are thus at once the tiniest and oldest inhabitants of the earth; nay, notwithstanding their subordinate position, they claim, through that wonderful chain of analogy that connects all nature, kindred with the representatives of the most exalted. Their vitality is so strong that they are easily revived after several years' apparent death. Absence of air is the most favourable condition for their preservation; in fact, paradoxical as it sounds, interment is the surest way of keeping them alive.

From their abundance and antiquity, we are not surprised to find that these animals have an important function to discharge in the economy of nature. The preservation of life in other beings depends directly upon them. The ceaseless appetite of the polygastrian is employed in reducing the vast mass of effete vegetable and animal matter in the globe that is always hastening to decomposition, and which, if allowed an unopposed development, would speedily make its noxious properties known. This view of their utility enables us to appreciate the fitness of the homely name given to them by Professor Owen—the scavengers of the atmosphere. Nay, further, the effete substances so intercepted become, from assimilation in the system of the polygastrians, adapted to the support of more highly organized animals. It may not be out of place to observe here that the objections made against such water as is seen through the microscope to abound in animalcules have been frequently urged in forgetfulness of the dependence of pure water upon the presence of a certain number of such beings.

Let us now consider a little in detail the organization of a polygastrian. The animal essentially consists of a cell. A cell we know to represent the lowest order of vegetable or animal life. The polygastric cell is only a stage removed from the Gregarina, which stands upon the very border of the two divisions, and is only known not to be a vegetable from its power of independent existence, and never advancing to a further stage of development. Some polygastric species are bare; that is, the cell has no investment, but the majority are provided with a shell-covering either silicious or calcareous. This shell, fashioned after a variety of quaint patterns, is ingeniously adapted to the peculiar form of its wearer. Across some, it is placed horizontally; in others, it shoots out as a conical prominence over the tiny occupant; while in a third variety, this defensive armour expands in the shape of a shield. Immense accumulations of these shells are found in different parts of the world. Strata of great depth occur in Bohemia and the United States, entirely made up of infusorial shells. Sometimes their abundance occasions their being applied to unexpected purposes. Thus the berg-mehl, or mountain-meat, a white powder gathered by the people bordering upon Lake Lettnaggsjon, near Urnea, in Sweden, and much esteemed as an article of diet when mixed with flour, consists entirely of these. In animals that live in water, having neither fins, tail, nor any fixed form of limb, it becomes a curious subject to inquire into their means of locomotion. In such polygastrians as are attached to foreign bodies, no mechanism of the kind is required; but, in the greater number, progression is generally maintained by cilia or hair-like processes. Some, indeed, have such a mobility of substance as enables them to furnish an extempore limb upon an emergency, but this agreeable power of improvising a hand or foot is not frequently met with. Thanks, however, to its ciliary apparatus, the polygastrian can row nimbly through the water, seize firmly upon his prey, or, if none be at hand, make a slight agitation of the water that will soon accumulate sufficient materials for a meal. The manner of connection of these cilia with the body of the animal is not clearly understood. According to Ehrenberg, they are fixed by distinct muscular processes; but to grant that were to claim for the order a higher degree of development in the animal kingdom than other observers are disposed to admit. The cilia are sometimes arranged in sets, but more frequently they are scattered irregularly over the animal. They occur in greatest number at the neighbourhood of the mouth, for the obvious purpose of facilitating the seizure of food. The cilia are also of use in the peculiar respiration of the animal, by causing successive currents of water to strike against it.

Although destitute both of brain and spinal cord, the polygastrian is not without an analogue of these organs. A little red dot, once considered an eye, is now known to compose its limited nervous system. The functions of this part of the organization are obscure, and to this may be ascribed the difference of opinion among naturalists respecting the movements of the animal. These are said by some to be automatic, and not the result of volition—a view apparently based upon the fact of the animal never having been observed in a state of quiescence. But even if there were not many ways of accounting for such restlessness, the evidence in favour of a contrary belief appears pretty conclusive. The most diminutive monad shrinks into a less form from the effect of fear, and carefully avoids, in his merry dance through the water, all contact with his playmates.

Though the polygastrians have no blood or proper circulating apparatus, there is a fluid, intermediate between blood and chyme, which circulates in a little central organ or heart, several pair of which lie along the backs of the larger varieties. But the most extraordinary parts of the organization of these animals are those by which their digestion and reproduction are maintained. Although the view once held, that the polygastrians consisted, as the name indicates, of an aggregation of stomachs, has not been confirmed by further observations, it is not without a certain amount of correctness, so far as the existence of a series of *movable* sacs or stomachs is concerned. Of these, which are dependent upon that mobility of texture noticed in connection with the means of locomotion, there may be three or four to as many hundreds. Occasionally, when the animal wishes to gorge upon an animal as large as himself, these stomachs are all displaced—an opening is made at the most convenient position, and the prey enclosed, the little glutton removing every trace of his temporary mouth. In a few of the more advanced species—and we should always remember that the difference between the larger and smaller polygastrics is as great as between an elephant and a mouse—there is a regular form of mouth, and even a complicated dental apparatus.

The most common mode of reproduction is by *spontaneous fissure.* A longitudinal or transverse division shows itself in some part of the animal, rapidly advances, and, when complete, two individuals result, both equal in size. Not unfrequently, the young, if we may so call it, begins immediately to divide. In the next most frequent process, that of *gemmation*, we are reminded of the vegetable kinship of the polygastrian. Here separate animals are thrown off in the form of buds, which differ from those produced by the former method in not attaining maturity for some time after leaving the parent cell. Omitting any notice of a third, or the oviparous process of reproduction, since its existence is disputed, we may mention the curious phenomenon observed in the *volvox globator*. In this little animal, the young may be seen through the transparent texture of the mother. Like her, they are provided with cilia, that enable them to swim almost as actively as after birth. In no long time, these, in their turn, become the recipients of independent existences. Well may Professor Owen say that "Malthusian principles, or what are vulgarly so called, have no place in the economy of this department of organized nature."

We shall, in conclusion, state shortly the connection existing between the polygastria and more superior beings, as observed in the great law of unity of organization. The infusorial monad is the sole unchanging organic form in the animal world. Every member of the four great sub-kingdoms—Radiata, Mollusca, Articulata, Vertebrata—has been a monad at some period of its existence. The little nervous dot of the polygastrian, its rude circulating apparatus and fluid, its displaceable stomach, are but permanent representations of the temporary forms of the complicated nervous system, the highly organized blood, and the powerful digestion found in the most advanced class of animals. Even the similarity that exists between the human embryo and the polygastrian is retained in certain respects throughout life, for the cilia that line the nasal passages, the larynx, and bronchiæ of the adult man are identical with those of the invisible monad.—*Chambers's Journal.*

AN OLD GLASGOW MISER.

Robert Carrick, one of the greatest scrubs in money matters that Glasgow ever saw, died thirty years ago, worth nearly a million sterling, leaving no family of his own, and not one farthing to any of the charitable institutions of this city. His housekeeper, an elderly dame, Miss Paisley, was his favorite niece. They lived in the upper flat of the bank premises, then at the corner of Glassford street, on the site where the spacious shop of Messrs. Thomas Muirhead & Co. now is. It was a dark, dingy building, but a grand house of its kind in Glasgow sixty years ago; and while Robert Carrick was famed for his great banking negotiations in the flat below, Miss Paisley was notorious for the most miserly management of his household in the flat above. She would higgle with the shopkeepers in the neighbourhood about the price of a pound of cheese; and if "Robin," as he was called, had a dinner-party (of rare occurrence), she would be seen hurrying from the flesh market in King street, with a sheep's head and a string of flounders, and she invariably stipulated with the green grocers in the Candleriggs that if any apples or pears should be left over after the dessert at Robin's table, they would be taken back on the following morning, and full value given for them. No wonder he amassed riches by this mode of living.

We shall here only tell two stories of him; for we mean this article for a much better man. On one occasion he was waited on by a deputation of three citizens for his subscription to some public charity or other, then of pressing importance. They expected that he, being a banker, and well knowing the urgent circumstances, would head the list with a handsome sum. To their mortification, he would only give "twa guineas." When they pressed him a little, he replied "that he could not afford to give more," and he bowed them out of his room. Not far from the bank was the warehouse of John M'Ilquham, then doing a great stroke of business in Glasgow. When the deputation waited on old M'Ilquham, he glanced over the list of subscribers, but mused and remarked on the trifling amount apparently given by Banker Carrick. The gentlemen bluntly told the answer they had received from him, viz., "that he could not afford to give any more." "What is that you say?" exclaimed old M'Ilquham, rising from his seat with bristling indignation. They repeated the answer truly. "Jemmy," said he to his cash-keeper, "bring me the Ship Bank book, and a cheque, and a pen."

With that he filled up the cheque for £10,000 sterling, or a much larger sum we have heard it called. Run down, says he, as fast as you can, and take care and get that money for me, and the gentlemen here will please wait till you come back. The cheque was presented. Robin stared. He rubbed his spectacles oftener than once. Go back, said he, to Mr. M'Ilquham with my compliments, and say that there must be some mistake here. "What," said M'Ilquham, when the message was brought to him, "will he not give me my own money? I've more beside it in the bank. Go back instantly and tell him that there is no mistake, whatsoever, on my part. I'm waiting for the money." On this Robin gets nervous and alarmed, for there had been an understanding between him and his customer that when an unusual supply of money was wanted, a day's notice or two should be given. "What's wrong with you," said Mr. Carrick as he toddled up, finding it necessary so to do, to Mr. M'Ilquham's own warehouse; "what's wrong with you Mr. M'Ilquham?" "Nothing wrong with me, I hope Mr. Carrick, but there's surely something very far wrong with yourself; for when these decent gentlemen sitting ben yonder called for me, they mentioned that you could not afford to give them, for this praiseworthy subscription more than twa guineas; and, if that is the case, I th it high time to look after some of my deposits in yo hands." This led to a pleasing result. Robin, at th instigation of worthy Mr. M'Ilquham, now put down name for fifty guineas. Mr. M'Ilquham cancelled h cheque, and the gentlemen went away highly delighted.

The other occasion we have to allude to—but we might specify many of them, never, perhaps, printed—was wi a well-known customer of the bank, who brought batch of bills for discount. They seemed all pas current, with the exception of one. Robin shook head. "Oh, you need not hesitate about him, Mr. C rick, for he keeps his carriage." "The question w me," rejoined Robin, "is, *can he keep his legs?*" a question which some of our modern bankers might well have p to themselves, with respect to some of their rascally cu tomers, on recent occasions.—*Glasgow (Scotland) Gaze*

THE BLACK WASP OF AUSTRALIA.

In the warm summer days, during our residence Port Sorell, and more particularly in the evenings, had often noticed a large kind of black fly darting in and out of the house with a loud, sharp, whizzing noise, and on more attentive observation, we found a most tru addition made to our list of antipodean contrar nothing less than the discovery of a savage and sangui nary war carried on by flies against spiders, and pursue with such vigour that one would believe the Tasmanian flies were bent on avenging tyrannies and grievances fered at the hands of spiders by the whole winged family all the world over. We had observed the and noisy abduction of many an unlucky web- before I could satisfactorily make out what became them, as the frequent seizures made apparently by same fly forbade the conclusion that they were forthw devoured; but, by dint of sundry watchings and pursu of the flies, and by eking out and piecing together small scraps of information and discovery, I at acquired a tolerable knowledge of the habits a tices of my busy black neighbours. In size and they exactly resemble a large English wasp, but wholly black, and possess formidable stings, a quarter an inch long. They build very remarkable nests or of earth, finely tempered and very neatly formed in a of tiny mud-pats, like a swallow's nest. Many of were placed in a small wooden outhouse, between the right stands and the weather boarding of the wall, were formed on a shelf in the porch, where some pieces of wood, lying heaped together, offered convenie nooks; and one wasp, resolving to have a more co lodgment than his friends, took possession of a me schaum pipe-bowl which lay on the same shelf, and snugly laid out his house in its interior. All the ne have examined are arranged in the same manner whole fabric being from two to four inches long rather less than an inch broad; the external shape mansion, whether square, triangular, or pentagonal, pending a good deal on the site chosen. When com no aperture is left; but on being opened, three or cells are usually found, two or three containing each soft, white crysalis in a cocoon of white web, a largest apartment of the mansion is devoted to the purpo of a larder, and is always found full of spiders, of varieties of size, colour and kinds, all closely and ne packed together, with their legs trussed up, so as occupy the smallest possible space. The strangest of the affair is that the spiders are not dead, b re perfectly soft and flexible in every part; and on be exposed to the sun and air, and stirred, a feeble moveme is evident in them, as though they were paralyzed or pified in some manner, so as to be unresisting victims good fresh meat at the same time. The store-house thus well supplied, doubtless for the benefit of the salis tenantry, on their awakening to the knowl life and appetite. I have rarely been more interes any new insect than by these black wasps, ungentle ferocious though they be; for there is a daring, dash energy and brisk industry about their ways and do that is very amusing and perfectly original. If chance to be near his chosen place of abode, you may him dart past with a piece of mud or a victim, an shrill, sharp whizzing is continued for some seconds o minute, during the operation of packing away his —when forth he darts again, straight and swift a arrow, and the next moment very probably invades peaceful retreat of some cobwebbed recluse, who, now, safe from brooms and housemaids, has meshed devoured his flies in comfort, but is at length sei trussed and packed up half alive by the dark avenger *Nine Years in Australia.*

Philadelphia Advertisements.

REMOVAL.—Fowler, Wells & Co., late of No. Arch street, have removed to No. 922 Chestnut street. on Phrenology, Physiology, Water-Cure and Phonography, w and retail. Phrenological Examinations, day and evening.

NEW BOARDING HOUSE—Respectable persons he accommodated with genteel transient or permanent by applying to the subscriber, No. 374 South street, below Philadelphia. WM.

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